

MAXFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 12 No. 6 60p

132 PAGES

8 GREAT
GIRLS

OUT OF HER BRIEFS:
THE SOLICITOR'S SECRETARY

GLIDING TO GLORY:
WWII's SILENT WEAPON

STRIPPED: A ST TROPEZ SIZZLER

TT: THE LAST GREAT RACE

THREADBARE:
OUR NUDEST TEXTILE DESIGNER

AERODYNAMITE:
AWARD-WINNING ROVER

QUEST:
THE EROTIC APPEAL
OF UNDERWEAR



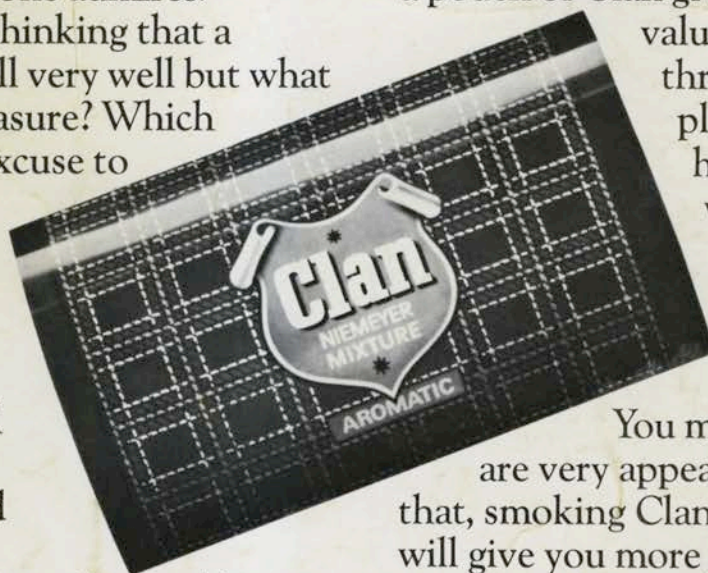
JUNE
JUBILEE
ISSUE

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JUNE 1977 Vol. 12 No. 6

ABC net paid circulation 423,813



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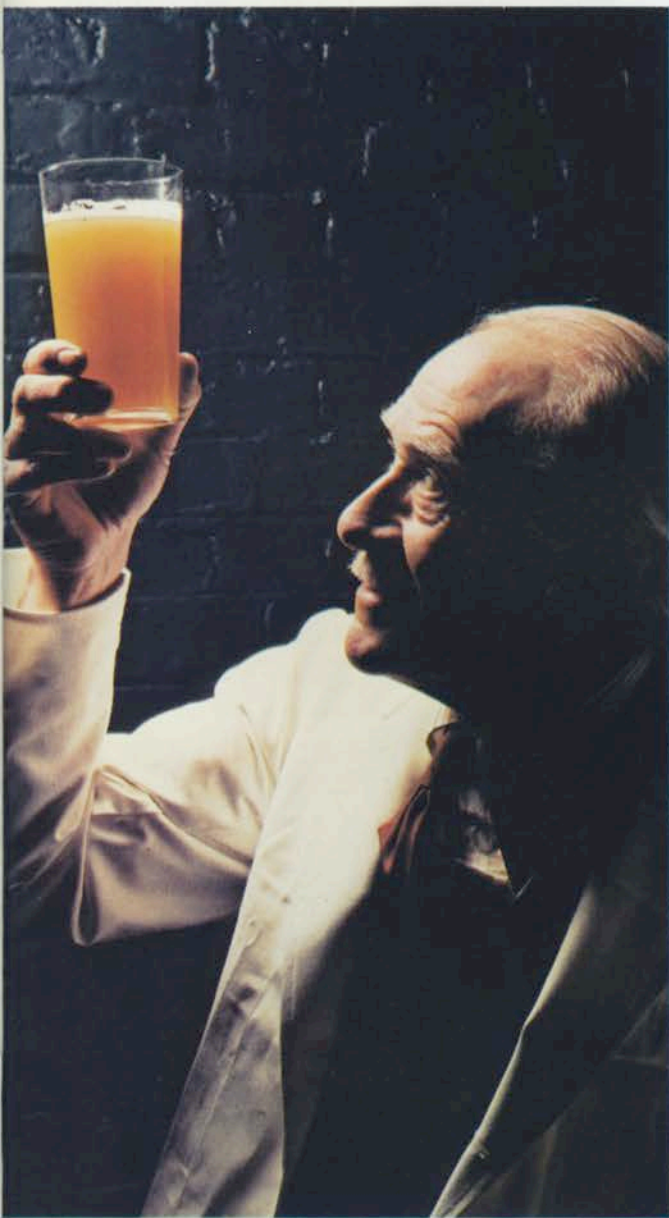
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At the final reckoning Stella's about twice the price of some beers but we're sure you'll agree it's money well spent.

SCENE



As regular readers of *Mayfair* will know, we don't as a rule make a habit of referring to our rival publications in the men's magazine field. The three magazines at the top of the tree – ourselves, *Men Only* and *Penthouse* – all offer slightly differing variations on the theme of 'entertainment for men' and all enjoy a large degree of success. *Men Only* and *Penthouse* however are now, in the case of the latter, totally US-orientated and, in the case of the former, fast becoming so. This leaves *Mayfair* as the only truly British major men's magazine and the fact that we have consciously aimed the magazine at the UK market alone is reflected in our current sales figure of 423,813 copies a month – more than any of our competitors – which is the reason for the stamp on our cover which reads 'Largest UK Men's Magazine Circulation.' As you can well believe, we're proud of our position as Number One, so we were slightly taken-aback to spot a 'flash' on *Men Only's* cover recently which read 'Britain's Highest-Selling Magazine For Men.' Obviously there can't be two Number Ones, so it was clear that either ourselves or *Men Only* had delusions of grandeur. For a definitive answer, we turned to the Audit Bureau of Circulation, an independent impartial body which monitors the circulation of virtually every magazine in the country. Their audit period covers a regular six-monthly cycle of July-December and January-June, so the most recent figures available were for July-December of last year. The figures? For *Men Only* 307,121; for *Mayfair* 423,813. *Penthouse*, despite their excellent world-wide sales, have slumped in

the UK and have not filed a return to the Audit Bureau of Circulation for over a year. It is just conceivable that in order to justify their extravagant front cover 'flash', *Men Only* might point to the fact that in its various multi-national guises, it claims to sell some 2 million copies world-wide. But does that make it Britain's biggest-selling men's magazine? Their tautology certainly doesn't fool us, and we know it won't fool you. The only fact you have to bear in mind is *Men Only's* circulation of 307,121 copies a month and *Mayfair's* circulation of 423,813 copies a month, which means that the magazine you're reading at this moment is indisputably Britain's Number One.

'A little sincerity is a dangerous thing,' wrote Oscar Wilde, 'and a great deal of it is absolutely fatal.' A thought that crossed our minds as we glanced through *The Pathetic Phallus* (London Magazine Editions, £4.75). One of this year's publishing curios, this novel by Charles Maclean, boasts a hero with the ability to make woman's most intimate part speak – and speak the utter, sexual truth. For a unique view of womanhood, spiced with eroticism and a good deal of fun, we recommend a browse.

As avid collectors of what we call 'classic stories', we were tickled by the tale of the long distance lorry driver who collected his vehicle from the lorry park at 5 o'clock on a particularly dark and frosty morning last winter. Having driven for a few miles through the deserted streets, he pulled up at some traffic lights. While waiting for the lights to change, a little Vespa scooter chugged up and came to a halt alongside the driver's cab. The lorry driver noticed the figure on the scooter swathed from head-to-toe in crash helmet, goggles, gauntlets, scarf and heavy coat and, feeling chatty, dropped his side window and shouted to the scooter rider 'Bloody cold this morning, isn't it? Driving that thing must freeze your balls off.' The scooter rider pulled away the mouth-covering scarf and a distinctly female voice replied 'Quite honestly, I wouldn't be knowing.' The reaction of the lorry driver was to stall, leaving the Vespa and rider to make a perfect exit.



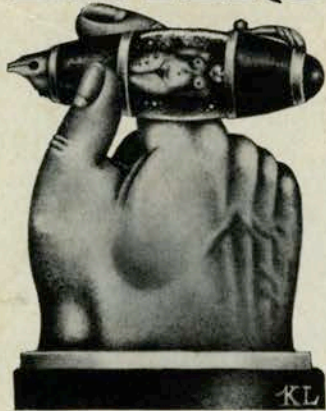
MIDDLE TAR GROUP As defined in H.M.

A close-up photograph of a person's hand holding a lit cigarette. The hand is wearing a silver-toned wristwatch with a dark face and a metal link bracelet. The background shows the interior of a car, including a leather steering wheel, a gear shift, and a set of keys hanging from the ignition. In the foreground, a pack of Rothmans King Size cigarettes is visible, featuring a blue and white design with the brand name and 'KING SIZE' prominently displayed.

The real King Size.
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LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

I'd like to share with your readers an interesting true story, and at the same time I hope to dispel the myth that the average British bobby is a miserable bugger who is only interested in booking motorists. I served in the police for

seven years and accumulated a wealth of true stories involving both myself and my colleagues. This one concerns a courting couple who became famous throughout the local force and were dubbed 'The Follies'.

One night whilst strolling down a dark back entry on his beat, a constable saw a sight which stopped him in his tracks. He was looking over a wall into the back window of a house, the curtains being wide open.

On the rug, in front of the fire, was a young couple who were doing a fair imitation of a number 69. After a while they assumed a more conventional position and proceeded to screw each other into the floor. Being on that beat for the rest of the week, on night duty, the bobby soon deduced that this was a regular performance. The couple would sit watching television with the girl's parents, until they retired, leaving their daughter to enjoy herself.

Being unable to keep it to himself, the bobby told a colleague of the nightly peep show. The news spread like wildfire amongst the force, and binoculars became part of all the local constables' night equipment.

Such were the stories told of the couple's various activities that desk-bound officers on

station duty began to get quite jealous. So much so that one certain PC, who was ready for retiring and couldn't care less anyway, locked up the local police station and went to watch for himself one night. All good things must come to an end, and eventually the couple got married and retired to their own bed, away from the prying eyes of the law.

R B, Rochdale, Lancs

Bobby dazzling, in fact.

Anniversaries seem to be in vogue this year but there has been no news so far about a thirty-first celebration which will no doubt interest Mayfair readers. Cast your mind back to 1946, rationing, austerity, shortages – something like today but without television. The Americans' hope for the future strength of the West was the atomic bomb to be tested in the Pacific. What could the French do to brighten up the world and show that their flair for fashion had not been destroyed? Monsieur Louis Reard came to the rescue and all mankind (and womankind) should rejoice that *his* creation should be remembered rather than a scientific testing ground. At the Molitor swimming pool just outside Paris on June 24, 1946, before many of the

fashionable set, the abbreviated swimsuit called the bikini was re-discovered. I say re-discovered because the Romans seemed to have developed a version but it dropped out of sight for eighteen hundred years. M Reard called his creation 'Taboo' and I suspect that nerve was needed to wear this garment publicly after the shapeless wool and rubber fashions which were in vogue before the war. The Americans tried to ignore the bikini for many years, their two-piece swimsuits steadfastly covering the navel which they regarded with some awe as an area of erotic danger.

Eventually the bikini conquered the world, the Brazilians producing their minute version and even the Russians making Marxist copies. Most girls have at least one bikini in their wardrobe and better still show no reluctance in wearing it publicly.

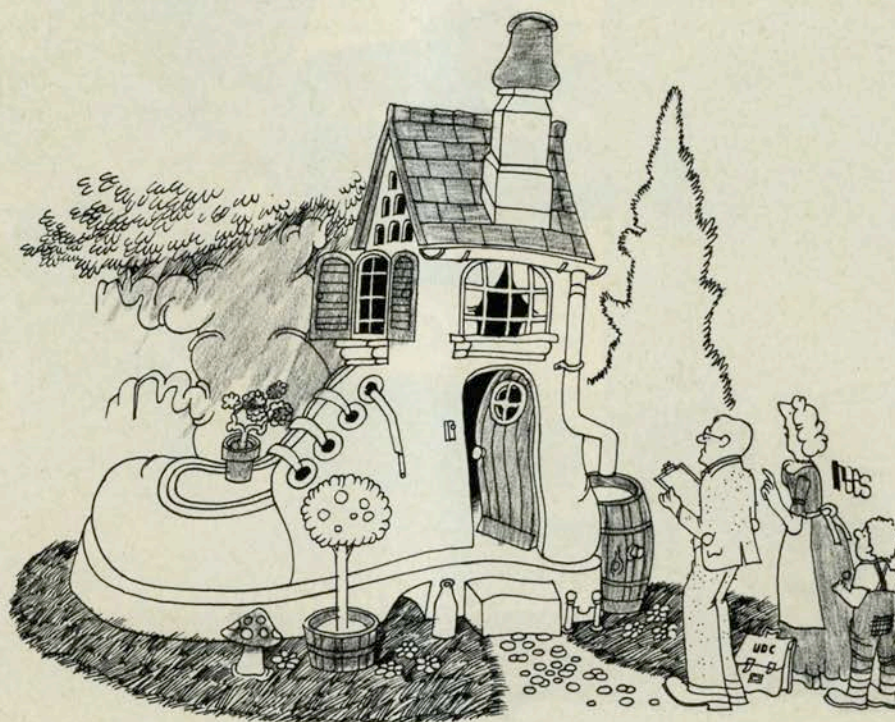
My point is to remind readers that they owe a great deal of pleasure to M Reard and also to say that photographs and catalogues showing swimwear fashions from the forties and fifties would be very welcome to add to my collection. Despite extensive research I have been unable to discover a photograph of the first bikini and would welcome any leads to show evidence of this most excellent prototype.

J A Cant, Ludlow, Salop

The cover of Vol 12 No 2 is an encouraging sign that a girl in wet clothes can be artistically appealing as well as sexually provocative.

Last summer I observed a pretty French girl in light blue jeans and smart white shirt blossoming out unexpectedly at Frensham Ponds. She had obviously only meant to paddle while her friends bathed, but on joining in a ball game with them she kept having to wade deeper and her jeans were, before long, wet on her thighs. When water licked against her crotch it seemed to get through to her that her knickers were on the verge of showing through, but she did not stop, and the water progressed steadily up her delightful denim-clad bottom, dissolving her inhibitions as she jumped for the ball. Inevitably she proceeded from being wet to the waist to dipping her breasts, at which her boyfriend

turn to page 10



'The rain's been coming in through the lace-holes ...'

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LETTERS

continued from page 8
completed the soaking with playful splashes.

Some liberated ladies deliberately swim in jeans and shirts as they are warmer and more fun than bothering to undress – if they have something to change into. As these thoroughly sodden fillies would be forbidden at most public baths Britain's free beaches and natural 'swimming holes' at lakes and rivers have come into their own for casual plunges and dunking excursions. Those who relish the physical sensation as soft water penetrates clothing and progressively explores the skin would understand the adolescent girls one sometimes sees flirting with the spray when waves shower onto

the promenade. I saw a girl teasing the breakers on the beach until she was caught and foam surged up her skirt; thus initiated she continued triumphantly in a lubricious frolic, and repeatedly surrendered her shoes, white knee-socks, pleated skirt and white blouse to fresh invasions by the invigorating massage of the waves.

A similar carefree mood can cause courting couples to linger unprotected in a summer cloudburst and thus romantically shower together, experiencing a thrill as the girl's cotton dress melts on her breasts and sticks to her sexually-aroused body. Some couples enhance their pleasure with games which culminate in spouse-dousing in the privacy of a bathroom.

Some tennis parties end with

sportive capers in which the victorious girls are chased and pushed or thrown, shrieking with protest, into a swimming pool in their immaculate and pretty tennis dresses.

Sometimes a woman needs a legitimate excuse for getting her clothes wet in public, and appreciates a gentle push. At a convivial birthday celebration last summer my usually timid wife started an innocent drama at midnight when she tested the water in a luxury, heated swimming pool with her stockinged-foot and asked me, to my amazement, if I would gently push her in. After checking her dress was washable and removing her watch I stood her on the brink with her back to the water. There I kissed her before giving her a playful push backwards.

When word of her plunge got

round an infectious atmosphere developed. One of those attracted to the poolside was a charming girl, newly qualified as a doctor, who was wearing a black velvet trouser suit with a silky-white top. She just kicked off her shoes and blithely jumped in with spectacular effect. Her white blouse plastered on her breasts made a startling contrast to the gleaming black trousers on her hips and thighs.

Mayfair has served us well in regard to this subject over the years, but why not start a publication listing references to hydrophilia, don't you think you might get new subscribers, on the basis of the excellent standard of your published letters and the wide coverage of similar turn-ons?

(Name and address withheld)

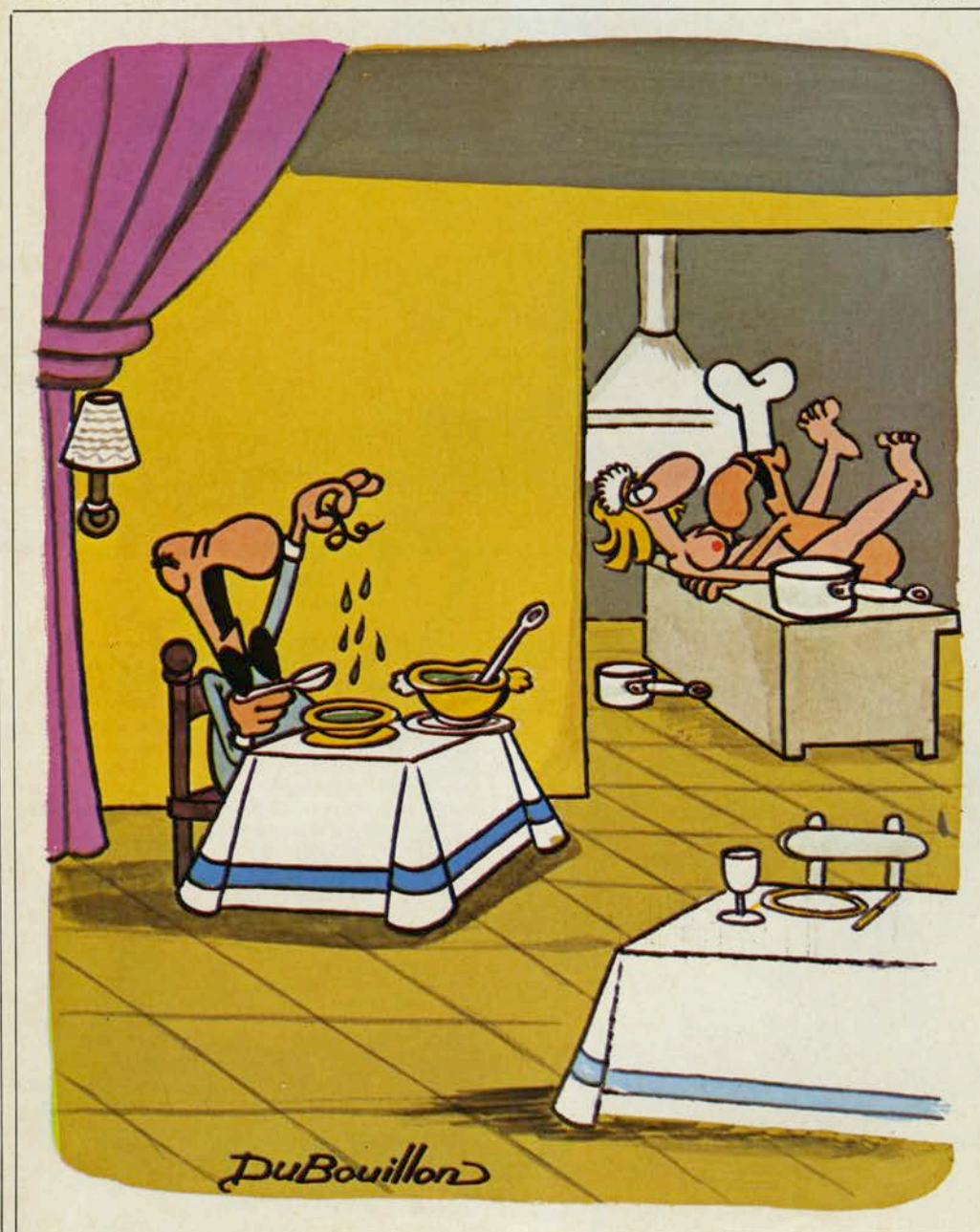
My wife and I have developed a way of love-making which I have never seen mentioned before. It has its origins before our wedding. In the six years between Linda's initiation into the joys of sex, promptly at 16, and our wedding, she had been had by only five men – I was number three. She was moody and choosy however in those years; she refused to open her legs to anybody for months – once for half a year. As she was highly sexed, she found satisfaction in masturbation. Once she had climaxed she began to suck her damp fingers as that prolonged her pleasures. Now when in bed we therefore sometimes reverse the order of things. Linda asks me to fuck in the usual way, but not to reach an orgasm myself. Once she is having hers, shuddering and moaning, I withdraw and turn her over. (I love to have her from behind and to feel her maidenly-shaped bottom. Then my cock, wet with her juices, enters her mouth and she sucks. She loves this method because she says, 'I can taste myself and you simultaneously.' I feel happy because although her vagina is crafty, in the last moments before I come she can use her lips on me even more artfully.

C B, London SW19

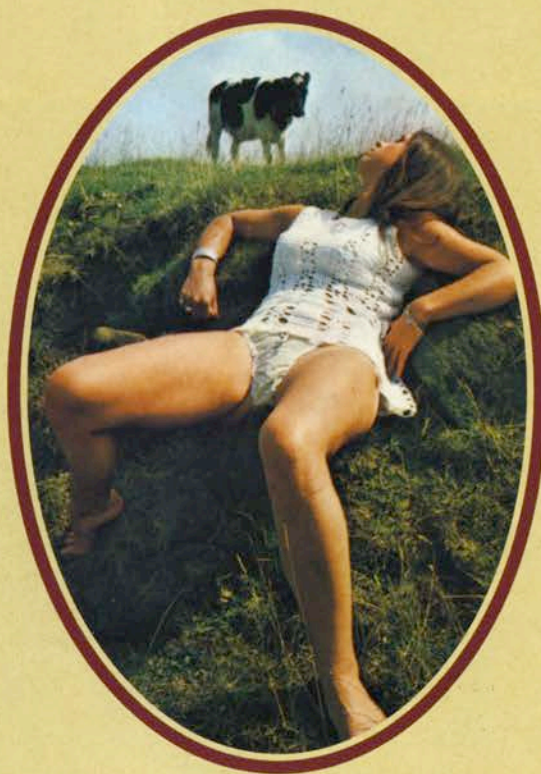
A recent correspondent who was interested in the effects of sterilisation may be interested in the experience my husband and I had.

We are both in our thirties and when we married decided that

turn to page 123



DuBouillon



ANGIE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROGER PEARSON.



On July 4, the United States of America will celebrate its 201st birthday. Sharing the same birthday, but a lot younger and immeasurably more comely, will be Angie Graham who'll be 27. Five feet, six inch Angie lives in Otley, West Yorkshire where she works as a photographic model, sales promotion girl and part-time geriatric nurse — a totally praiseworthy vocation which she's followed for the past couple of years. 'It's my ultimate ambition,' Angie says, 'to become an SRN, as nursing is something I really enjoy.' On the sales promotion front, Angie's 36B-26-36 has been seen locally promoting products as diverse as Smith's Crisps and Estée Lauder, Tabac and Agua Brava toiletries, while on the modelling front, readers of, say, the *Leeds Graphic* and *Yorkshire Life*





might recall seeing Angie in advertisements for, among other products, showers and central heating. The services too haven't been slow to acknowledge Angie's appeal. A former pin-up for 655 Squadron, she's now the pin-up for the Army Apprentices College at Harrogate. Wonder what's keeping the wavy Navy? As for gentlemen, Angie goes for dark-haired types with moustaches and/or beards, and, it must be admitted that it comes as something of a surprise, after hearing so many *Mayfair* maids express their preference for male versions of Twiggy, to discover that Angie likes musclemen. 'Adonis-types,' she laughs, 'and it's a total fallacy that musclemen are solid between the ears. They're not.' So, stomachs in, backs straight and a date might be on.



Mrs Main dreamed of her Adonis gardener; he pined for her pale, plump thighs. Was their tale to reach a sad or a glad climax?

STORY WITH AN ALTERNATIVE ENDING

Fiction by
Peter Glendinning

The last jobbing gardener had been a bent old man. His joints and words creaked. He did not so much garden as doom-watch. Blight, frost, club-root, pests – the last included anything between earwigs and neighbouring children – were his conversational staples. Oh, well, her husband had suggested the change.

This young god in shorts powered around with his speedy lawnmower. All Dad's gear, he said cheerfully. Must make maximum use of capital. After university he would go into the City, become a top-drawer tycoon, converse with governments. Right now he was fresh delight; he flowed around.

She savoured the delight, thinking: I am a frustrated, lecherous suburban housewife, the female equivalent of men whose eyes bulge in strip clubs as girls nudely strut the stage. Your nipples, my boy, your flat belly with intricate navel! These are not merely bits of you; they're keys to turn me on. Full.

If I asked to kiss these droll little male nipples would you think it feminising? Then I'd kiss, inch by inch, the stitched-up line on the underside of your darling penis, you know that mark which is the semblance of our slit. You'd like that, boy, you would. Just as a preliminary to a quick throbbing kiss of your glans. No long cock-kiss, that might blow your fuse before I'd opened for business.

She shook her head, had a look into the deep-freeze to take her mind off fantasy. Oh cool me, cool me!

Out in the afternoon sun Frank dutch-hoed the herbaceous border. Wasteful effort. A

turn to page 35

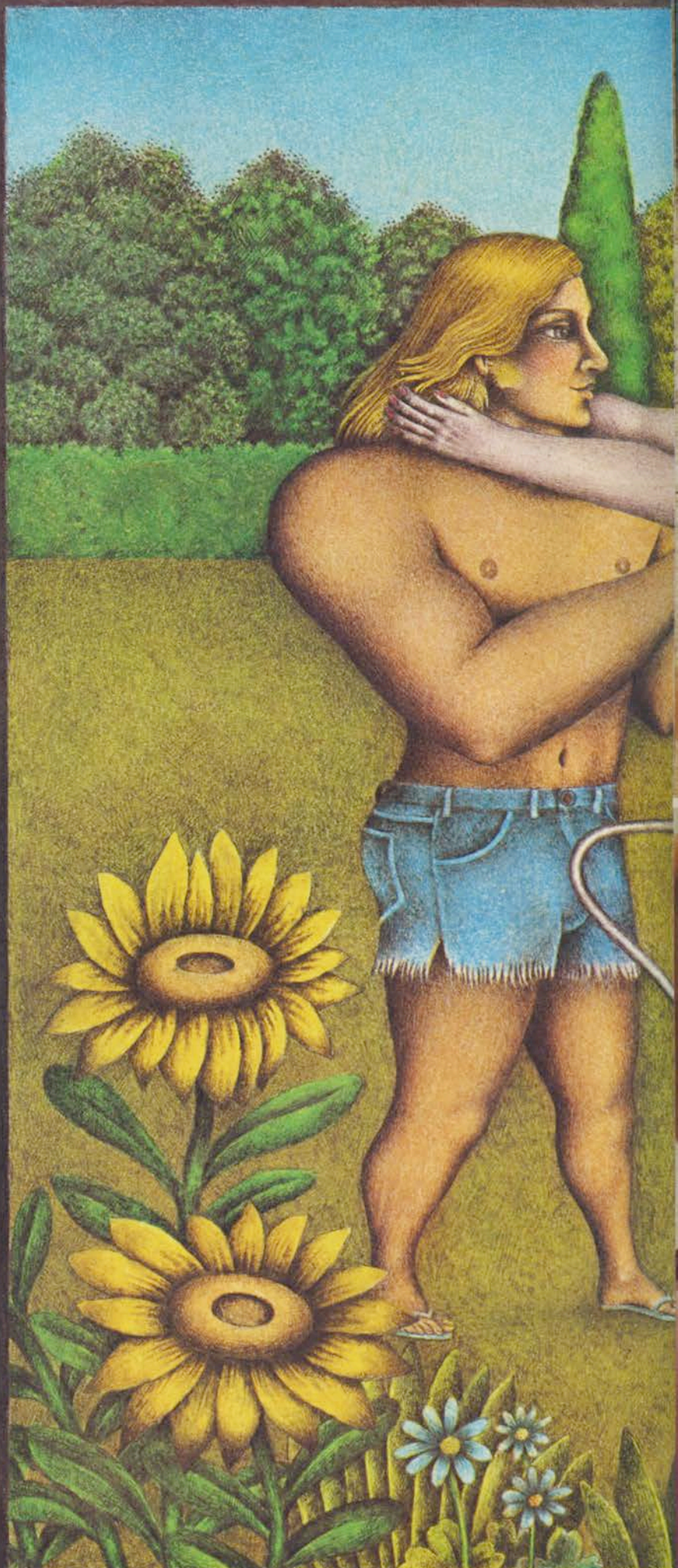


ILLUSTRATION BY KEN LAIDLAW



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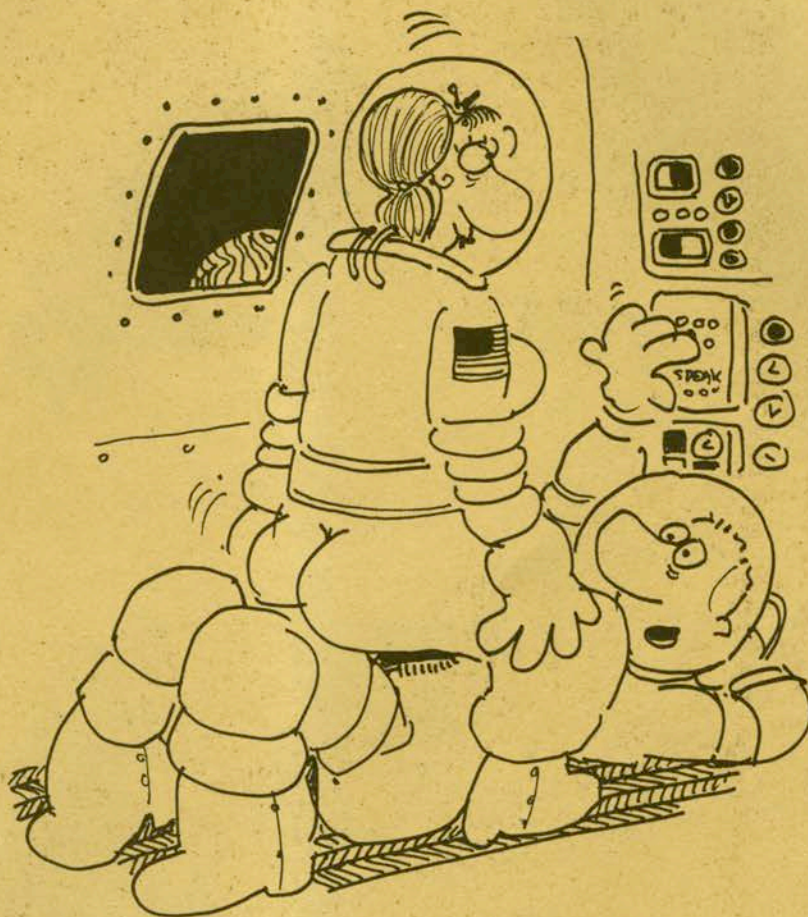


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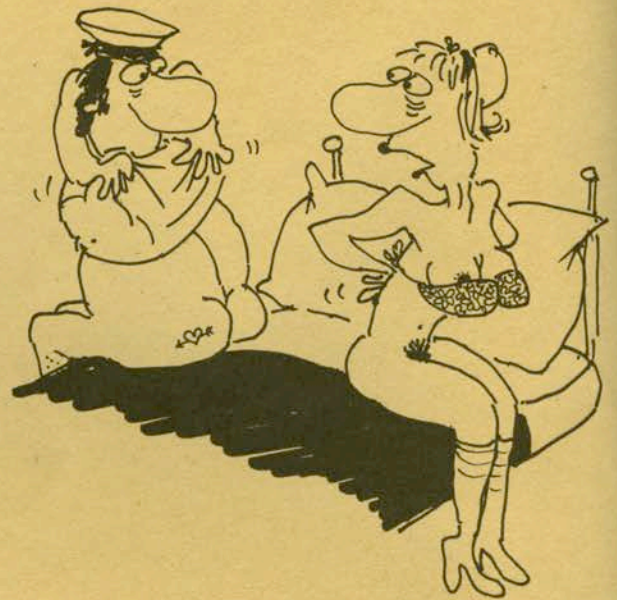
'Twenty-five miles, seven and a half inches up, to be precise, chief.'

JUBILEE JOYS

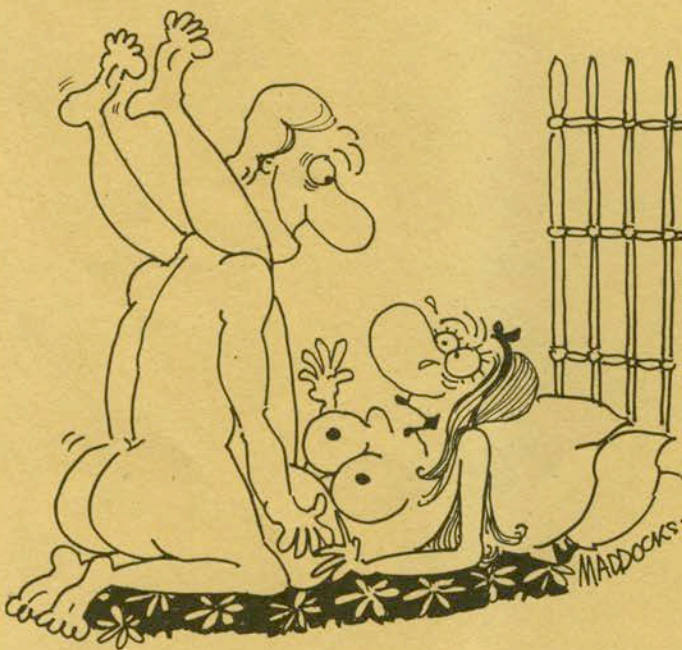
June is Jubilee month, but cartoonist Peter Maddocks wonders whether the magic figure of 25 means different things to different people



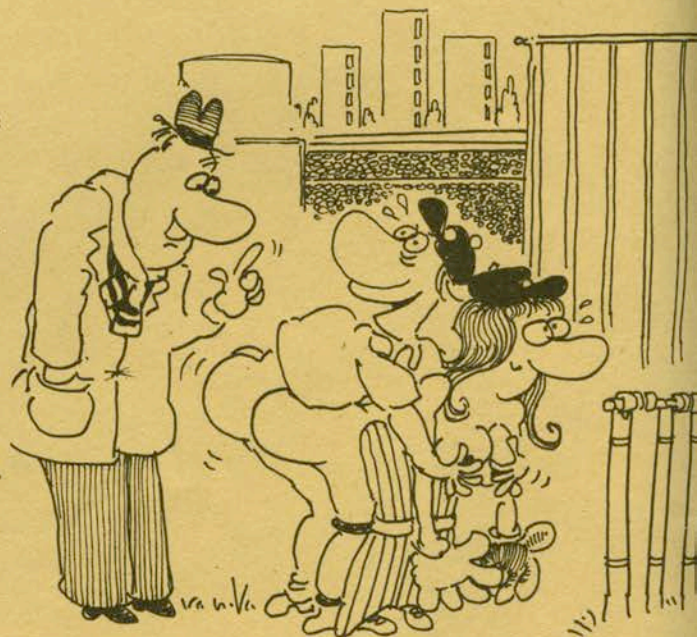
'Don't forget, that's twenty-five conkers you owe me.'



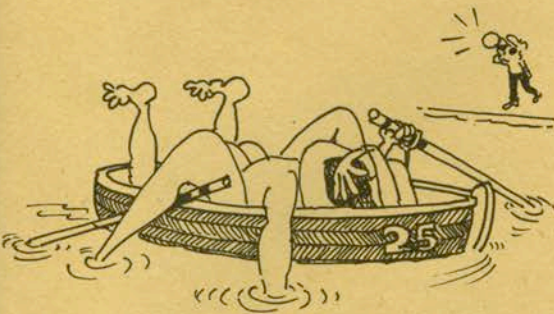
'Well, the last time I had a sailor I charged him twenty-five shillings.'



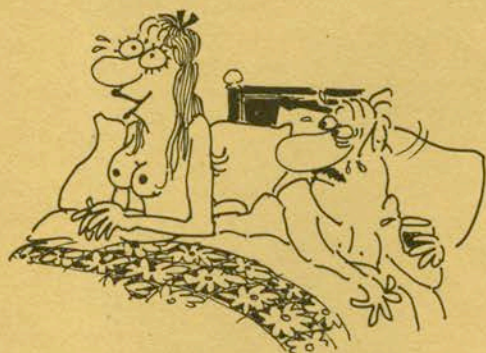
'When you said it was your jubilee year - I thought you meant your age, not your inches.'



'The score? Twenty-five, not out.'

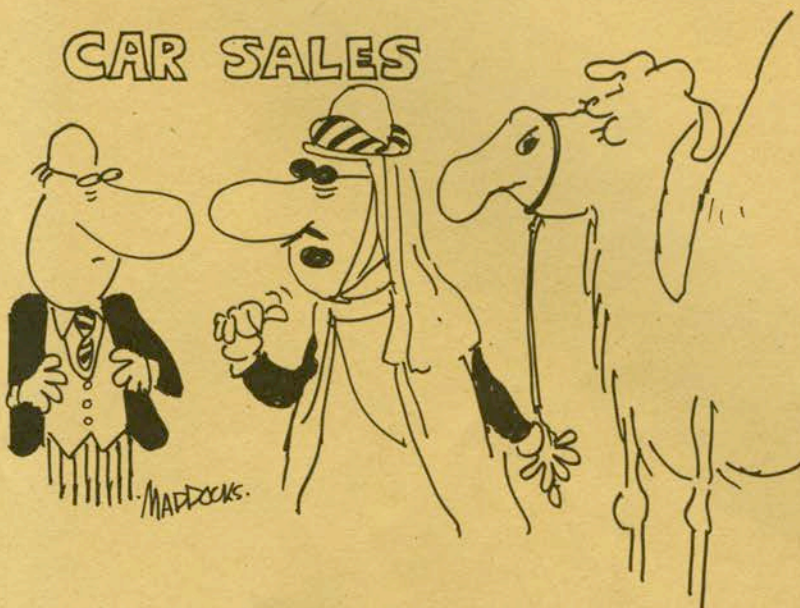


'Come in number twenty-five, your time is up.'

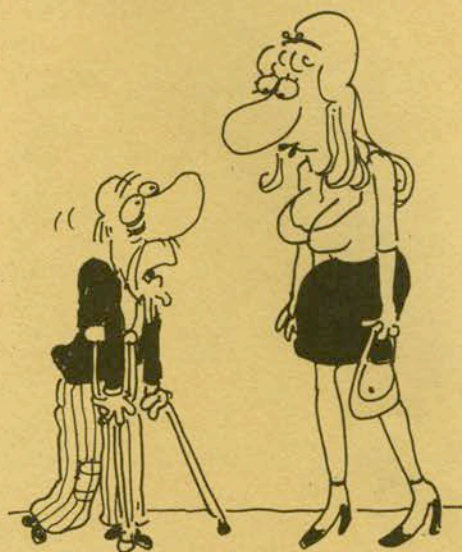


*'Twenty-five times we made love last night
- and me not yet sixteen.'*

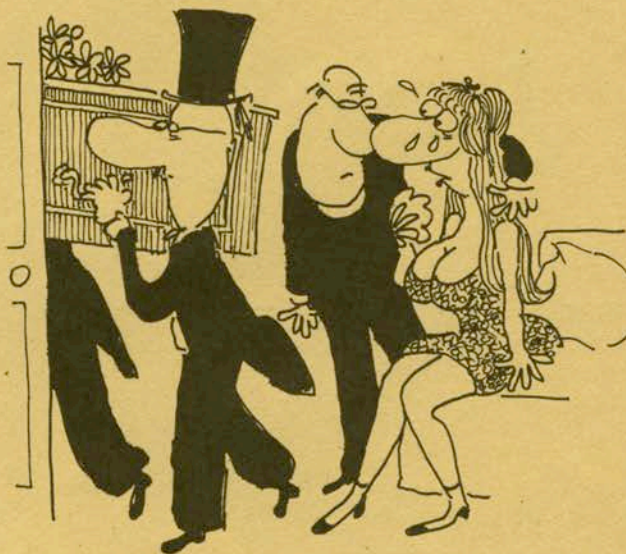
CAR SALES



*'You try satisfying twenty-five wives and then have to ride
a camel.'*



'Honestly, I'm only twenty-five, but I'm sex mad.'



*'On the twenty-fifth time. I thought he'd come and he
hadn't - he'd gone.'*

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

They seized him in his own home – or, at any rate, the flat in Rome that he'd borrowed from his mistress. They tore the clothes off his back, mocking his body by flaunting theirs at him. 'It's too much,' he protested at their eight staring nipples, eight leering thighs, 'grotesque!' But they ignored him, preferring to tear shirt and trousers from his body, tear them up literally and hurl them from the windows for the wind to tear at more.

They laughed when he tried to conceal his timid, worried manhood, and when he protested abusively, they threw him down on the cold hard floor.

There were four of them, all women, and they worked hard to prepare him for the experiences of the flesh that were to come.

Three of the four girls were quickly and busily interlaced. Rhythmically they worked away at each other to produce the noises and odours that preceded and accompanied each satisfactory climax upon climax without aid of man.

One of his four attackers remained always on guard – a

different one from time to time, naturally, as the others continued to pleasure each other – to make sure the male victim and sacrifice didn't try to escape. When they were ready for his body, they simply took it. Said their leader: 'We'll never be free. We require penetration.'

Said their victim in vain remonstrance: 'There are some things no man can be made to do.' But he was wrong.

'Never too old to learn,' he found himself thinking, as each one pressed her flesh to his in turn, vigorously using him as a kind of facility of the house. But when the third lay on top of him to take her bout of pleasure, he found himself out of control, there always being a limit to what flesh and blood can stand, as you might say. 'He grasped the girl powerfully, to her powerful surprise and resentment, and deliberately and briefly pumped his seed into her. She beat him with her fists. The other three cheered ironically.'

But these four super modern young women hadn't finished with our hero yet. They taunted him crudely for his detumescent state. They were still in control, they reminded him, and what they wanted they got. Interrupting his protests that there were some things no man could be made to stand for, they practised upon his apt-to-learn flesh all

the brothel devices of stimulation, until at last he groaned... 'Enough, for God's sake.' This, my friends, is modern woman. And this, too, is how modern writers celebrate her coming and arousal. If you think that her arousal ought to precede her coming, then, my friends, you don't know modern woman. In the significant new novel **Beard's Roman Women** by Anthony Burgess (Hutchinson, £4.25) there's not even the sign of a generation gap.

As soon as the neighbours hear his wife has died, the female of their species is leering to him over the phone, widows, divorcees and married women alike, all desiring to be of some help, any help, come and help. At a Hollywood party he is noticed by a lissom female Italian photographer who invites herself to his hotel bedroom at twelve minutes past seven precisely the morning after – nothing had happened the night before.

'First thing in the morning is always better than night,' she tells him, letting her dressing gown fall to the carpet and walking past him to get wonderfully and nakedly into bed. Says Burgess' recently unsolaced new widower, 'Please, it's been such a long time. Don't laugh at me.'

'It is allowed to smile, though,' she smiled, and in two shakes of that far from lamb's tail he's carrying in front of himself,

he's in there with her, as totally (if not as wonderfully) naked.

'He had her in his arms, flooding with relief, gratitude, lust. Her kiss tasted of toothpaste and wallfruit, one tracing of her warm back's curve gently down to the waist and more opulently out to the buttocks made him wish to sob... a bliss prolonged, ending in many kisses, for which he had not realized how hungry he was.'

Food plays its part with the modern woman, too. Months later, in their Roman love-nest, a bout of bed-pressing making the lady hungry, her lover makes her a bowl of spaghetti and tomato sauce. He winces as the hot sauce splashes onto his bare midriff – twitches again as she licks it off, like so much human blood. By now, he's still naked but she is dressed. 'I must put something on,' he mutters, and she obliges by festooning his rod with strands of pasta – like a maypole.

Even his dead wife's sister, whose Welsh charms he succumbs to, lazily letting her stuff his belly full then demanding he do as much for her in front of the fire, is something of a food fanatic. It must be something to do with appetite... Would you expect to hear that modern woman is less satisfied than her unliberated predecessors? Or is it more a matter of a bigger appetite – growing by what it feeds upon?

Once upon a time, a woman who beat up her husband was acquitted in the resulting court case; her story went something like this: 'He came home late and drunk so I wouldn't let him in, but he kept on knocking on the door and saying, "I bet you'd let me in if you knew what I was knocking with"'. When I went eventually to let him in, he handed me a box of chocolates.'

Maybe we're heading back to the bad old days when a woman whose specimen for a pregnancy test accidentally got mixed up with that of a farmer's prize sow. When told she was likely to be delivered of a litter of piglets, she protested, 'These days you can't even trust a frankfurter sausage.'

Or as the nymphomaniac said when she arrived on the banana ranch: 'Sex is all a question of appetite.'

Happy eating, fellers.



Thomas Rowlandson's 'The Spy Glass': an example of the bawdy and grotesque art of the 18th century. It is taken from 'The Marquis de Sade' (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, £5.95) by Donald Thomas. The book is an encyclopaedic biography of the infamous Marquis, lavishly illustrated with the erotic and bawdy art of his time. There are also extracts from his own erotic writings including 'The 120 Days of Sodom,' 'Justine' and 'Juliette', largely produced over 27 years in prisons and asylums.

Jolan Chang THE TAO OF LOVE

The Ancient Chinese Way to Ecstasy

AND SEX



PA

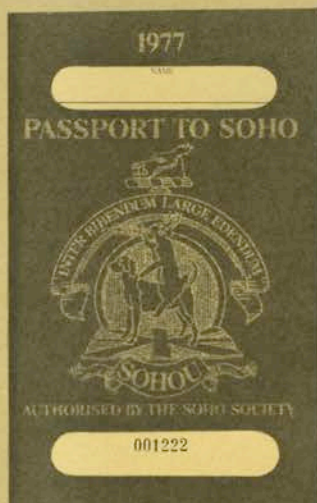
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Foreword and Postscript by Joseph Needham



The Mayfair Book Society

PASSPORT TO SOHO

We're always being asked by out-of-town readers, and by London readers too, come to that, for our recommendations of where to go in Soho.

Naturally, we have our favourite spots, and all these, plus many many more are incorporated in this handy passport-size guide to London's most intriguing area. Restaurants, strip clubs, massage parlours, pubs and clubs plus a mass of other information are in this invaluable book.

Price £1.10

THE TAO OF LOVE AND SEX

Ancient China's answer to the *Kama Sutra* and the *Perfumed Garden*, this book reveals the thousand-year-old Oriental techniques of sexual fulfilment. Accompanied by many erotic illustrations, the text deals with all the many aspects of intercourse, the conquest of impotence, sex between young women and older men and reveals the many facets of erotic kissing. A powerful and provocative work.

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SEXUAL TECHNIQUES

Our best-selling title of all time. Thousands of *Mayfair* readers will readily testify to the impact this book has made on their lives. In 42 full-page photographs, a man and a woman demonstrate love-making positions and show how differing movements can increase orgasmic pleasure and lead to a richer, more exciting sex-life.

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HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR MAN IN BED

Despite its title, this witty and understanding book has proved of equal value to both men and women. Now women can discover how to get the sexual best from their men, whilst the latter may gain a better understanding of female sexual response and sexual drives. Recommended for liberated couples intent on improving and enlarging their sex lives.

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Another explicit work from the pens of Inge and Sten Hegeler, the famous Danish sexologists already world-renowned for their books *ABZ of Love* and *XYZ of Love*. Aided by totally revealing illustrations the Hegelers put forward their message of tolerance, permissiveness and mutual respect in sexual relationships.

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shows you just how you can become the person you always wanted to be using the scientifically-based procedures of behavioural psychology.

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Tele-birds Katya Wyeth, Suzette St. Clair (Vol. 8 No. 12) and Glenda Allen (Vol. 8 No. 6) are only a few of the nude delights to be seen in *Mayfair's* five issue bargain deal. For just £2.20 we will send you Vol. 8 Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6 and 12.

Other back numbers available include:

Vol. 8 Nos. 3 (Anita, Rail heroes) 51p; 4 (Dawn, Charlotte) 51p; 5 (Barbie-Jane, Gliders) 51p; 6 (Glenda Allen, Jellymould jolopies) 51p; 7 (Air hostess Clare, Dusky Tania) 51p; 8 (Stephanie, Datsun) 51p; 9 (Decadent Barbara, The exploding dolly mixture) 51p; 10 (Bouncy Birgetta, Rileys) 56p; 11 (President's daughter Francesca, Miranda) 56p; 12 (Screen birds, The year's girls) 80p; Vol. 9 Nos. 1 (Sweden's sex star, Naughty comics) 56p; 2 (Hitcher Jeanine, Jennifer Forbush) 56p; 3 (Barest Miss Brighton, Jaguar XKs) 56p; 4 (Schoolgirl Nicky, Barges under sail) 56p; 5 (Harmonious Viola, Starlets Shella and Karen) 64p; 6 (Biggest summer special) 64p; 7 (Twosome on the beach, Drag racers) 64p; 8 (Golden Shot girl, Shark hunt) 64p; 9 (Elaine, Bunter's return) 74p; 10 (Vilma, Hang-gliding) 74p; 11 (Claire, Houdini) 74p; 12 (Great 100th issue, Emmanuelle) 74p; Vol. 10 Nos. 1 (Lesley Anne Down, Tommy gun) 74p; 2 (Eight girls, Victoria's pornographer) 74p; 3 (Seven girl bonanza, Mustang fighter) 74p; 4 (Shop steward's daughter Geraldine, Austin Sevens) 74p; 5 (Red colonel's daughter, Frazer Nash) 74p; 6 (Mandy, Bareknuckle battlers) 74p; 7 (Nude Miss Sun, Windjammer at war) 74p; 8 (Usherette Pauline, Adam's Eve) 74p; 9 (Lindy, Tarzan) 74p; 10 (Debbie's Sahara strip, Swordfighting) 74p; 11 (Dawn, Thunderbolt Superbikes) 74p; 12 (21 Girls, Wooster spoof) 74p; Vol. 11 Nos. 1 (TV's 'Omnibus' girl, World War Two vehicles) 74p; 2 (Nude: Miss World's runner-up, Walrus sea-plane) 74p; 3 (Rachel: the girl from 'The Sweeney', Miniature mariners) 74p; 4 (Unchained Charlotte, Sunbeam cars) 74p; 5 (Nudest Miss Norwich, Prince of practical jokers) 74p; 6 (132 pages - nine girls, Steam submarines) 74p; 7 (Bridget from Torbay, Speed sailing) 74p; 8 (Bobby, Tiger Tanks) 74p; 9 (Tenth anniversary special, Douglas Dakota) 74p; 10 (Human cannonball, canal boats) 74p; 11 (Nordic Nanna, The foundering father of submarine warfare) 74p; 12 (Biggest issue, ten girls) £1.10; Vol. 12 No. 1 (Brigitte Bardot, Ursula Andress) 84p; 2 ('Jaws' nude, Brooklands) 84p; 3 (Sixteen-year-old Sally, King Kong) 84p; 4 (Outstanding Miss from Cheltenham Ladies' College, Raid on St. Nazaire) 84p; 5 (Germany's sexiest cinema star, Rolls-Royce) 84p.

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M126

FILMS

Gerald Cole

****A Classic, ****Excellent,
***Good, **Average, *Boring
♥♥♥♥♥An Erotic Classic,
♥♥♥♥♥Highly Arousing,
♥♥♥♥♥Titillating, ♥♥♥♥♥Limp,
♥No discernable sex content

***♥Rocky (A), 1 hr 59 mins.
A Muhammad Ali-style world heavyweight champion, bilked of a championship bout by his opponent's illness, decides instead to pick an obscure Italian-American as a substitute - to commemorate the American bicentenary, since Columbus was Italian. Obviously - as this is a Hollywood movie - Rocky turns out to be raw champion material, neglected in the back streets of Philadelphia, and beats his way to at least a moral victory. After a decade of rags-to-riches heroes achieving fame through sheer nastiness, *Rocky* revives the hero with integrity who wins by one lucky break and an awful lot of hard work. Don't be put off by the boxing theme if you're not an enthusiast - Rocky could be from virtually any background, and his story is paralleled by his shy girlfriend (Talia Shure) who blossoms from a dowdy pet shop assistant to something really quite nice. But the film's strength is the obvious commitment of its leading man, a muscleman with the look of a baby Victor Mature called Sylvester Stallone, who happens to have written the script.

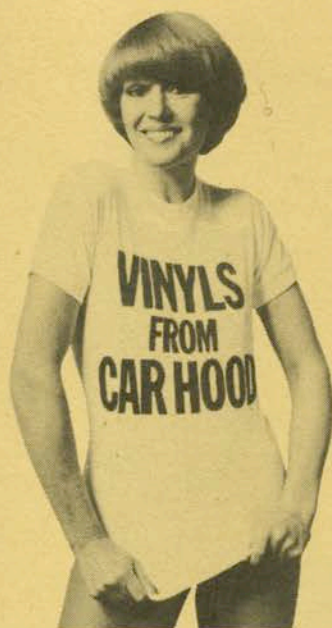
***♥♥Stand Up Virgin Soldiers (AA), 1 hr 31 mins. Virtually a re-make of Leslie Thomas's first *Virgin Soldiers* film version with Robin Askwith as the long-suffering Private Brigg, marooned in Singapore for an additional six months National Service to deal with a worsening emergency. Again he's the sole hero of a climatic jungle ambush by bandits. Again he turns pale and shivers at the sight of blood - though one must assume he's totally forgotten about the rigours of *Virgin Soldiers* Mk I, a much meatier and livelier tale altogether. All but the most forgetful of nostalgia freaks are likely to be gravely disappointed though some comfort can be gained from

the discreetly glimpsed charms of slender, blonde Pamela Stephenson as an Aussie nurse waylaid by the lecherous Brigg.

*♥♥♥Je T'Aime, Moi Non Plus (X), 1 hr 28 mins. Remember that heavy-breathy song of the same name recorded by English expatriate Jane Birkin and unloved by the BBC of a few years past? Miss Birkin's erotic panting might have sounded like the usual accompaniment of normal naughties. In fact, according to this film version which includes the song in its soundtrack, she had every reason to breathe heavily since she was under heavy siege up the back passage from Andy Warhol hero Joe Dallesandro. Mr Dallesandro and his gay bachelor boyfriend are garbage collectors who chance upon Miss Birkin in a tumbledown snack bar. Love burgeons among the garbage, but Dallesandro cannot perform as required until Birkin suggests 'I'm a boy.' Her screams, as he proceeds, only result in both being thrown out of numerous hotel rooms and flats with hilarious regularity. Unconscious humour and riveting boredom are the keynotes of this film which seems a European version of Andy Warhol's deadpan epics of American lowlife, but much much sillier.

***♥♥Adventures of a Private Eye (X), 1 hr 36 mins. Two very nubile nudes - a brunette slipping out of bed and a blonde temp primly taking dictation - in the first five minutes of this picture, coupled with a passable stab at fun (burly nightworker arrives home early, snuggles up to shrouded figure in bed to find, eek! The wife's young lover) promises more than it delivers. Christopher Neil struggles gamely as an amateur private detective through a *Confessions* of-type world where any housewife (Angela Scoular, Hilary Pritchard - in whip-wielding black leather) found alone is unbelievably sexy and raring to go.

***♥♥Silver Streak (A), 1 hr 53 mins. Gene Wilder in excellent, hysterical form as a humble publisher of gardening manuals inveigled into a deadly intrigue involving art forgeries on board a luxury train from Los Angeles to Chicago. Overlong, it still achieves moments of sublime lunacy before a literally smashing climax.



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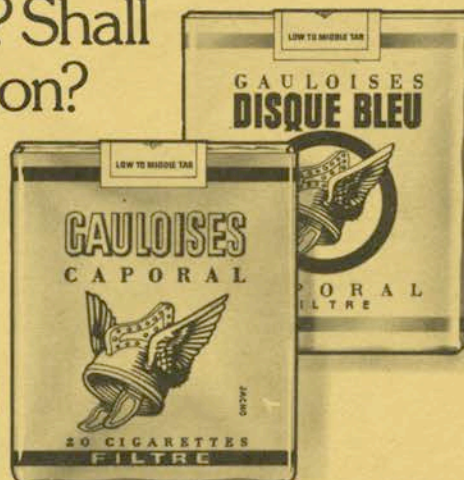
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NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

Anybody reading the dramatised exposés in the Sunday papers may well have doubts about the wisdom of visiting reputable London nightclubs and, before they are all completely ruined by your non-attendance, it would seem sensible to put the record straight for *Mayfair* readers as to what exactly does go on in a club such as *Churchill's*, which is internationally known as a nightclub with cabaret, dining and hostesses.

If you relied on the descriptions in the Sunday papers, you might get the impression that London nightclubs are seamy places where vice is openly organised and where no self-respecting person should enter. In fact, London nightclubs are far more reputable than many of the equivalent night-spots abroad, where determined efforts are made to lead you into compromising situations, and where after you have been deprived of your money there is no point in complaining to the police because they are all in on the act, and a complaint by the customer normally results in his detention in a prison cell until the matter is cleared up in court the next morning – and, at that stage, apologies from

the management are academic. I well remember the time abroad when a hostess continued pouring out our £30 bottle of whisky until the glass was brimming over and the valuable liquor spilling on to the floor. I managed to stop that situation and turned round just in time to hear the noise as the glass was knocked over on to the table and the valuable contents spilled again on to the floor. When the glass was deliberately overfilled for the third time, I was all for calling the police until it was explained to me that I was the one that would be detained and the whisky would of course be drunk by the police.

Whereas abroad the girls are all openly seated around the room waiting for the customers, in a reputable club like *Churchill's* in London, the girls are kept subtly out of sight in another room and only admitted into the cabaret room if and when a request for company is made. They can be extremely attractive girls, and many end up marrying a man they met initially over a dinner table at the nightclub.

Not all hostesses go to bed with their clients, either, although, if you do have £50 to spare and are passably charm-

ing, then there is a fair chance that your charm would work on some of them.

It is a well-known fact that business men travelling to London frequently do not book into hotels at £30 to £40 for a room, but prefer to give a hostess £50 and enjoy the additional home comforts which her flat can provide.

The girls in the show normally have boyfriends, are difficult to meet, and are frequently rushing between two clubs where they double in the shows, and earn correspondingly greater salaries. Unlike foreign clubs' artists, the show-girls in London clubs are not normally on the game, nor are they easy game, and they live and work in a tightly-knit social circle.

From the foregoing, it is easy to judge that there is a peculiar morality about the management of London clubs, encouraged by years of police supervision, where the management are in a position to provide you with a hostess to accompany you for your hours in the club, but in fact in the better London clubs the management do not even wish to be involved in your private arrangements with their hostesses after the clubs close. The Sunday papers that give an impression that vice is clearly displayed in London clubs should visit Germany and complain about the open lesbian acts on the stage, live intercourse on stage, the tricks with the Coca-Cola bottles, girls

being branded by irons and all the other acts which I have openly seen in the course of one evening in a foreign town – our nightclubs are far more prudish in London, and perhaps it is appropriate to summarise a shortlist of clubs for your wallet where talented music and attractive shows can be seen. Expect a bill upwards of £20. If you buy champagne, a bottle will cost between £10 and £20. All these clubs have hostesses. Membership, where required, can usually be arranged on arrival.

Boulogne: 27 Gerrard Street, W1 (Tel. 01-437 3186). 1920s atmosphere. French cuisine from an elaborate menu.

Burlesque: 14/16 Bruton Place, Berkeley Square, W1 (Tel: 01-499 0938). Striptease cabaret spots. Trio. Used to be *The Revolution*, therefore famous. Economical.

Celebrity: 17 New Bond Street, W1 (Tel: 01-493 7636). Suitable for larger parties. Cabaret twice nightly.

Chaplins: 9 Swallow Street, W1 (Tel: 01-734 7447). Unusual small cabaret club which advertises 'no Champagne commitment', but £10 membership for Londoners.

Churchill's: 160 New Bond Street, W1 (Tel: 01-493 2626). Often the best cabaret show in London. Air-conditioned.

Eve: 189 Regent Street, W1 (Tel: 01-734 0879). They care about the music. Three cabarets nightly.

Gargoyle: 69 Dean Street, W1 (Tel: 01-437 6455). Continuous striptease from 6 pm. Show at 1 am.

Kabaret: 70/71 New Bond Street, W1 (Tel: 01-493 0425). Sultry and intimate, with trio and striptease cabaret. Economical.

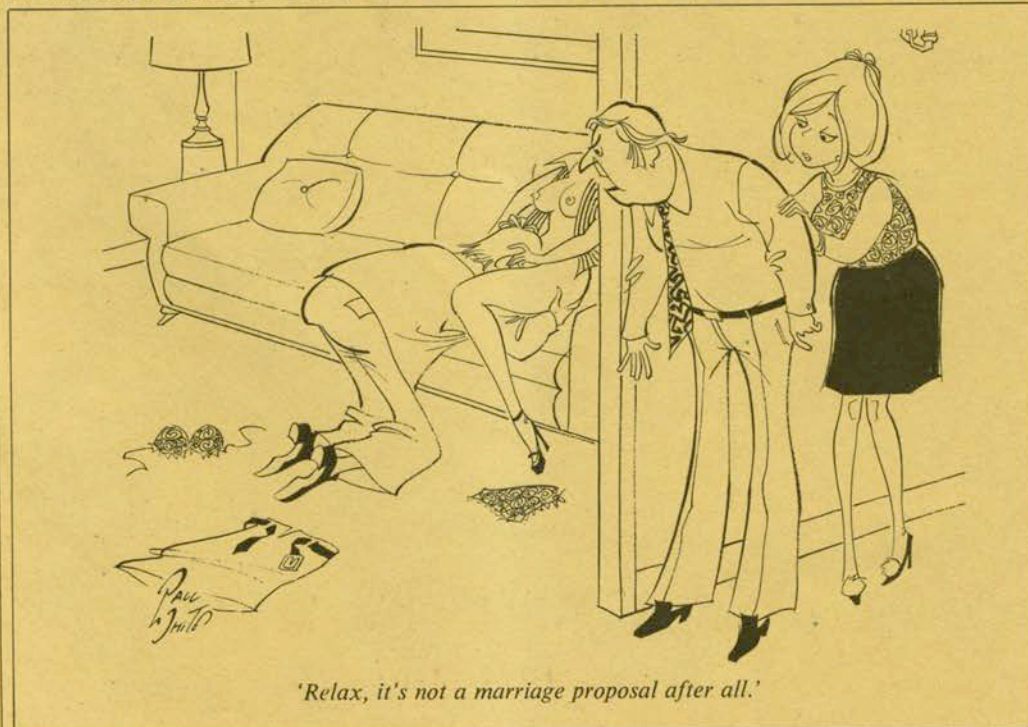
L'Hirondelle: Swallow Street, W1 (Tel: 01-734 6666). Small room with dazzling show.

Latin Quarter: 13 Wardour Street, W1. (Tel: 01-437 6001). Most suitable for your larger parties. Elaborate show.

Omar Khayyam: 177 Regent Street, W1 (Tel: 01-734 7675). Predominantly Arab clientele. Elaborate belly-dancer cabaret.

Storkroom: Swallow Street, W1 (Tel: 01-734 3686). Only cabaret club with hostesses open on a Sunday. Write it in your diary.

War Room: Lansdowne Row, off Berkeley Square, W1 (Tel: 01-499 3181). Two cabaret review shows with amusing war-time theme.



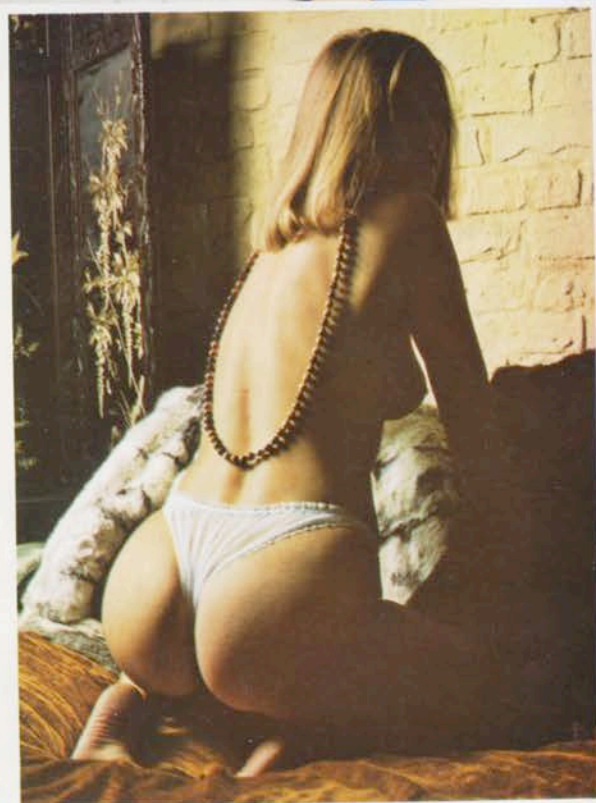
'Relax, it's not a marriage proposal after all.'



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CHRISTINE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

The appearance of 30-year-old Christine Spinner in the magazine is one in the eye for those who would make out that Women's Lib and men's magazines are poles apart. 'I am,' states Worcester-born Christine, 'a liberated lady. I live alone, support myself and make my

own decisions.' Since leaving Pinehurst Secondary Modern in Swindon at the age of 15, Christine has done precisely that. From school, she moved into the digital world of data processing with Plessey, before quitting that job to work for Clinton's a firm of solicitors





in London's Pall Mall. You can't
accuse Christine of lethargy, because
after mixing with the legal
eagles for a while, she moved her 5 feet
8 inch, 36-26-38 down to Swanage
in Dorset where she worked as a wait-
ress and chambermaid at the Doron
Lodge Hotel. Hope you're all keeping

up, because after *that*, Christine
took a TOPS course before working as
a temp in Friern Barnet. And that
more or less brings us up to date. At
the moment, Christine is out
of the country until October. You can
find her on an island in the
Aegean where she is resident hostess







for a villa holiday company. Are we going to reveal the name of the island? No, but some of our readers are going to have a pleasant surprise awaiting them should they take a villa holiday this year. Back in London, Christine can be caught walking London's Primrose Hill – near to where she lives – or enjoying a swift half or several in Holborn's Kingsway Tavern. Your round, Chris.



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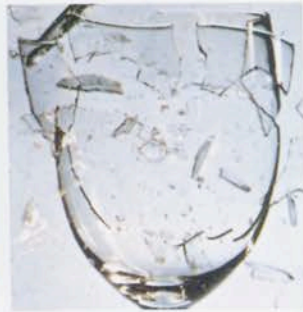
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Story with an Alternative Ending

continued from page 16

power-driven hoe? A simple oscillating motion . . . that entrapped his mind in genitalia. Curse. Millicent had proved a wet last night. Can't risk it, she said. If this is the permissive age damn few permits are being issued in this town.

Aware of eyes, he looked up sharply. Mrs Main looking out of her kitchen window. Thinking of gracious living, or how to sexmail her husband into buying something? Plump – no, cosy. Old enough almost to be Ma. Aren't we all incestuous? Mother-fucker. Why derisive term? He began to bulge. The tight shorts outlined it. If it gets up another inch the tip will be taking the air.

He saw Mrs Main bend over the sink. Her white dress split low at the front. She has something. Two of them. He imagined a newspaper report: Local Youth Charged With Rape. Frank Thomson (18) to-day appeared in court. Mrs Main, in evidence, states that while accused was employed as jobbing gardener, he suddenly burst into her kitchen, pulled down the top of her dress and fondled her. Despite her pleas, he then tore off her panties, thrust her on top of the deep-freeze unit, and rode her so hotly that food to the value of £50 was ruined . . .

The sun's warmth stirred to life what had been sown only a week ago. Seed also bulged his two seed pods, stirring and clamouring to be out and growing. Eighteen is a fearful time in the male sex life. Potency soars to maximum but

opportunity, especially in a lock-up-your-daughters suburb, remains minimal.

He took up the hedge trimmer, uncoiled the lead from its drum.

'I'll plug in this lead, Mrs Main, if it's convenient.'

'Surely.'

Whistling a waltz tune, imagining Mrs Main partnering him, she in frilly hooped skirts and frothy underwear that stripped off as she whirled, until she glided mermaid-naked in his arms, he bent down to plug in. Her actual dress showed lots of leg, elegant, unblemished. No panti-hose, just bare? He fumbled the plug, won more seconds for search. Sweet God, she must have briefest panties, that's the crease where hips bulge out – not plump, quite taut – and still no cloth shows.

Smooth plastic covering of the cable became pliable woman-flesh. As he walked out, desire made him almost sick.

She watched him go, and her soul wept. Is there nothing for me except husband's intercourse? That drear word gets it exact. I've never husband-swapped. They're all the same. Their energy goes towards golf balls, not their own. This shining lad would be sharp, sweetly brief, explosive.

Heavens, I've got to change. Panties are moist with love-oil. No, I'll simply slip them off and let cool air caress my womanhood. Frank, Frank, my utmost darling, rove your hands up me like this June breeze. Underneath is just naked Me.

You'll remember it until you're an old man. When other fancy fruits of life have withered or soured, you'll look back with

quiet joy to the wild ride on my wild body. Out in the garden Frank concentrated on the action of the hedgecutter. A quick-acting reciprocating penis. Or is it a vibrator? Has Mrs Main one, does she lie in shining nudity whilst the thing trembles her Thing? Dear lady, try the genuine home-grown article; let me vibrate you till you jump for joy of it. If he gave it a go, she might not dial 999. Just ice up, then whisper around: that boy Thomson will have to be watched. You'd hardly believe, but when he was gardening for us he actually dared . . . It wasn't worth the risk. He raked up the hedge cuttings, put them into the compost heap, made up his mind. 'You owe me three pounds, Mrs Main. Thanks a lot. Now, there's something special I want from you.'

Ask and you will receive.

'I've been perspiring like a piggy out in the sun. I've somewhere special to go after this. May I freshen up in your shower?'

'On you go. Middle door upstairs.'

And I'll have you all wet and naked, my darling. I'll come in and trail my fingers from shoulder to thighs, then, gently, soap your dear boyish genitals . . .

He went upstairs, carrying jacket, trousers, shirt. Just he in those absurd young shorts. All nerve ends a-thrill he trembled in the sensual spray, gasped as he turned it cold.

'Down, wanton, down!' He quoted Shakespeare to his penis. He directed the icy flood amidship, saw testicles shrink and rod telescope. Nothing like a good cold shower for getting rid of prurient sex-

turn to page 75



'Beef prices will remain steady this weekend. Lamb is likely to be a few pence dearer, and pork up to five pence a pound more than last week.'

Tchaikovsky, Debussy and Haydn would have listened to it. Tom, Dick and Harry can operate it.

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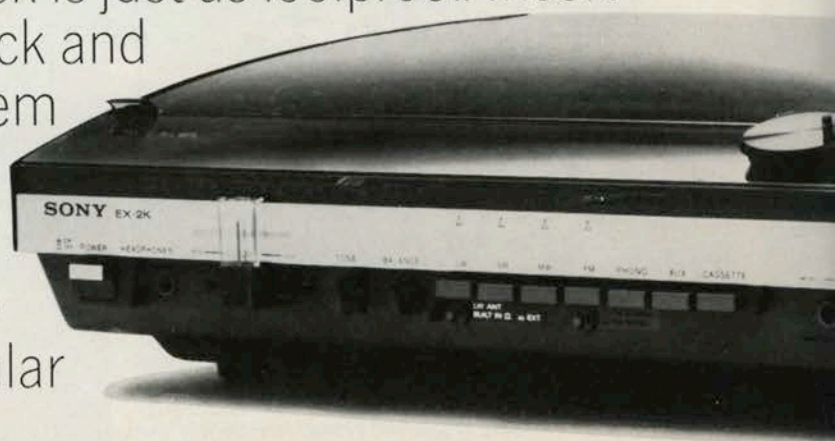
Its name is the Sony EX 2K.

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The speakers are the new passive radiator type. A great improvement on other small speakers, especially on the bass notes.

You get a servo-controlled belt drive turntable, a magnetic cartridge, four wavebands and a tape select switch for either normal or chromium-dioxide tapes.

And you can hear every instrument in the orchestra, from triangle to double bass bassoon.

But words alone can't do justice to the Sony EX 2K. Look and listen to it at your local Sony dealer. We don't think you'll be disappointed.

Even if your name is Tom, Dick, Harry, Haydn, Tchaikovsky or Debussy. **SONY**



GLIDING TO BATTLE

By Tony Jeeves

From the German airborne assault on impregnable Belgian defences to vital Allied landings over the Rhine, gliders had a unique role in World War Two

In the deep pre-dawn darkness of May 10, 1940, the stillness of the Belgian night was broken by the dull rumble of a flight of Junkers 52s. Behind each of the lumbering transport aircraft, at the end of a long cable, trailed a weapon that was new to warfare although old in aviation – the glider.

One mile east of the river Meuse, each glider slipped its tow and momentarily soared before turning toward its objective, the massive Fort Eben Emael beside the river. From all directions the slim aircraft swooped down to the roof of their target, to begin an assault on the supposedly impregnable fortress that held the key to the

The first successful use of gliders in wartime: on May 10, 1940, 80 German paratroopers capture Fort Eben Emael, a key Belgian fortress



success of Hitler's assault on the Low Countries. Under 80 men of the Germans' crack 7th Parachute Division were about to attempt the impossible, to capture an emplacement specifically designed to withstand a prolonged assault by thousands of troops.

Eban Emael was the most modern and most important part of Belgium's defences. High over the river, its guns commanded the junction of the Meuse and the Albert Canal. Accordingly, its structure had been designed to withstand a prolonged and massive attack by the most modern weapons. A web of underground passages, Eban Emael

was manned by well over a thousand of Belgium's finest troops. While the possibility of aerial bombardment had been anticipated, the Belgian designers had not foreseen the possibility of someone actually landing on the roof of the fort and taking it on at close quarters. They had also not been able to anticipate that the attackers would use a new and highly secret kind of explosive charge that was literally going to crack open the fort's walls. The attacking force had with them 28 hemispheres of high explosive, each weighing 100 pounds. Not in itself enough weight to dent the massive defences, these charges were very special

and packed a powerful punch. The secret was in a small hollow scooped in the flat base of each charge which focused the force of the explosion on to a concentrated area, multiplying its effect.

When the charges exploded, even the Germans were surprised by their violence. The steel of the fort's cupolas was vaporised by the force of the blasts and blown with enormous violence into the confined areas below. Men were burned and guns ripped from their mountings as a hurricane of explosive violence scorched through the inside of the fort. The shock wave stunned the defenders and within 20 minutes of the

by landing on the roof by glider, saving an estimated six months and 6,000 lives. The action spurred the development of British gliders.



initial landing, the Belgians were all practically sealed into their fortress. On May 11 they were forced to surrender.

A few men in cheap wooden aeroplanes had won a victory that the Germans had calculated would cost the lives of 6,000 troops and take six months to achieve by conventional methods. Their actual casualties had been six killed and 20 wounded.

Gliding had been a major sport in Germany since the early 1920s. Under the Treaty of Versailles, powered flying was forbidden to German youth and so all the effort and the enthusiasm that would have been channelled in this direction went into the development and use of sailplanes. The government encouraged all young Germans to fly, it provided facilities, organised tests and issued certificates of proficiency to all pupils. So, when Hitler and the Nazis illegally began to re-arm, there was an enormous pool of flying expertise.

The German military glider itself began with the development by a Doctor Lippisch of a flying observatory glider for high altitude meteorological experiments. Luftwaffe General Ernst Udet saw a test flight and immediately recognised the military potential of the large sailplane. He ordered the development of a military version for carrying supplies, but the emphasis was soon changed to troop-carrying.

What the Germans had seen was that the glider could offer a more efficient method of delivering troops to a battle than did a parachute. A complete unit could be delivered in one group by glider with no risk of their being scattered. They would be in action quicker than would paratroops, who would have to re-form and they could carry heavier weapons and larger amounts of ammunition.

The German forces called for a glider that could carry nine fully equipped troops and that could land on rough ground. The cost had to be kept below 7,500 marks, a figure arrived at by determining the cost of delivering the same number of men by parachute. By 1939 the glider, the DFS 230, was ready. A high-wing monoplane, it had

a steel tube frame covered with canvas. It took off on a wheeled trolley and landed on a central wooden skid. Weighing 1,800 pounds, the DFS 230 could carry a cargo of 2,800 pounds although the accommodation for passengers was rudimentary – just a crude wooden bench running the length of the body.

After its success at Eban Emael, Hitler scheduled the glider to play an important part of his planned invasion of Britain. He was going to put in a heavy glider-borne attack in the Folkestone and Hastings area to secure the beaches for subsequent sea-borne landings.

This proposal was followed by an order for larger gliders to carry the heavy weapons a major invasion would need in order to maintain a beachhead. Several designs were put forward and of these the Messerschmitt 321 was the largest. Christened 'Gigant', the glider lived up to its name. More than four times as large as the largest allied glider that was to follow it, the Me 321 could carry 24 tons of cargo and had a wingspan 35 feet wider than a Boeing 707.

We all know what became of the German invasion plans but this did not stop the development of further gliders such as the twin-boom, rear-loading Gotha 242 which could carry heavy loads at high speed. Having developed the giant gliders however, the Nazis found themselves with a shortage of the means of getting them into the air. The only plane with enough power in its own right was the Junkers 290 which had American engines, supplies of which were rather difficult after 1941.

To overcome the difficulties, the Germans developed all sorts of ingenious solutions ranging from the practical to the eccentric. A first step was to hitch a glider to three of the Me 110 fighters but this put a strain on the already underpowered aircraft and made vast demands on the concentration and co-ordination of all four pilots. Attempts at this form of tow almost invariably resulted in the destruction of some or all of the aircraft involved. An

even more ingenious and slightly more practical idea was to join two twin-engined Heinkel 111 bombers at the wing and to add a fifth engine at the join. The pilot drove from the port fuselage. This arrangement was designated the He 111Z and while it did work the aircraft was clumsy and easy prey to Allied fighters.

As a force to be reckoned with, the German glider effort, together with its paratroop divisions, died on Crete. There had always been a core of opposition to gliders among the top echelons of German leadership, men who believed the glider could never again be used effectively since the element of surprise had been lost.

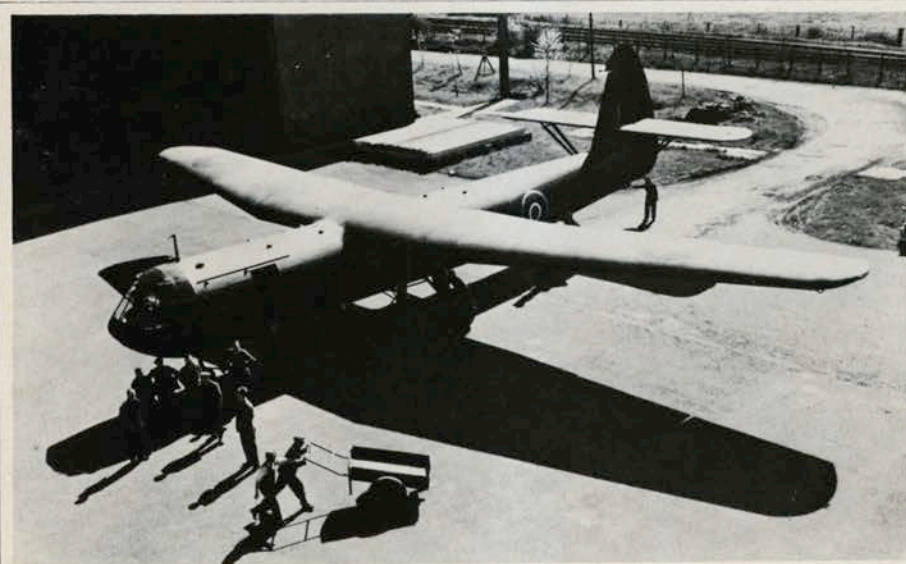
With the British evacuation of Greece, the scene was set for the world's first major airborne assault and one that was to have a profound effect on the attitudes of both Allied and Axis forces to attack from the air. The island of Crete now assumed enormous strategic importance. From its airfields, the RAF could attack the Roumanian oil fields and southern Italy. In German hands, the same airfields could be used to threaten British shipping in the Mediterranean and support Axis forces in Egypt and Libya. The Allied commander in Crete, Major General Freyberg had a force of 30,000 troops from the Commonwealth plus 11,000 Greek and Cretan troops. Most of these troops were evacuees from Greece, demoralised and armed only with the weapons they had been able to carry away with them. On the opposing side were 23,000 highly trained men supported by 600 aircraft, 75 gliders and 500 transport planes.

Freyberg cannibalised damaged equipment and managed to assemble nearly 50 artillery pieces and a few tanks. The one tactical advantage he had was that the main strategic objectives of the island were few and easily identifiable so he was able to disperse his meagre resources to provide adequate protection at these points.

The initial shock of the gliders' appearance over Crete did not stun the defenders for long. Every available gun was turned against the attackers. The gliders in the German force had been given the most important targets because of the speed with which they could deploy their complements of troops, thus they ran into the full power of the island's defences. Apart from the artillery fire that was thrown at them, rifles, machine guns and even pistols were brought to bear and projectiles of every calibre ripped through the frail sides of the gliders. Some of them made perfect landings with not a soul alive on board while others smashed into rocks and trees bursting apart and throwing bodies and equipment in all directions.

An aircraftman at the Maleme base was awakened by the noise and as he ran out of his tent a glider tore along the ground towards him, a wing passing over his head before it came to a halt. He emptied his rifle into the doorway filling it with dead and wounded before making good his escape. Of the 75 gliders that set out for the island, six did not reach Crete; a further five landed

turn to page 91



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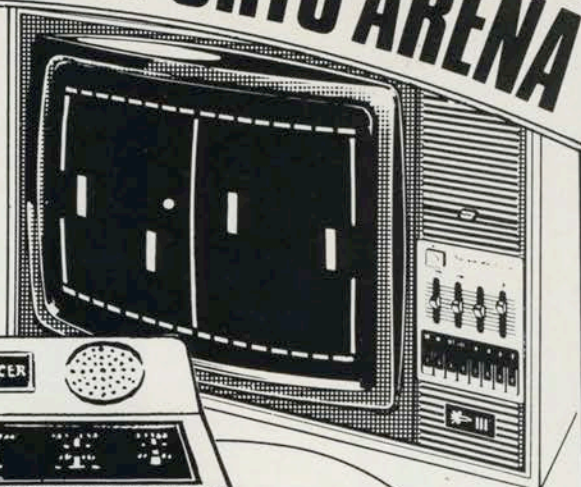
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DI

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER FLODQVIST



It's not all that surprising to discover that one with as particularly Welsh a name as Di Morris is, when it comes to politics, a bit of a nationalist. 'I did,' admits 25-year-old Di, 'vote Plaid Cwmru at the last election, but my constituency - Anglesey - returned a Labour MP, Mr Cledwyn Hughes. Still,' she grins, 'maybe we'll have better luck next time.' Di's 36-23-36 is based in Beaumaris which overlooks the Menai Straits and is famed for its magnificent castle. 'But





during the week I live and work in Liverpool as a textile designer and I come home at weekends,' says Di. 'At the age of 19 with five O-levels under my belt, I went to London on a three-year course at the Camberwell School of Art where I got my CNA degree in Art and Design. My first job was designing the decorative border for a roll of kitchen towels, would you believe! That was about as challenging as crossing

the road. The job I'm in now is great though. We supply designs to a number of firms in Lancashire, you know, cotton prints and things like that. I got a real kick the other day from seeing a chap wearing a shirt patterned in one of my designs. I almost felt like going up to him and telling him so.' And did she? 'No,' smiles Di. 'I'm not that pushy, but now I'm looking out for others wearing my work!'



When Carol went away for the day, leaving huge-bosomed Stephanie to his doting attentions, Brendan was determined to stay virtuous. But somehow his ham-fisted approach to the fair sex was bound to provoke erotic disaster

BRENDAN AND THE PUSSY DAMAGE

a Carol and Brendan story

By D. Gregory Lyons

'Quite honestly,' said Carol, biting into a large chunk of thickly buttered toast, 'my contention is that you're accident prone.' Brendan's spoonful of cornflakes hovered in mid-air. 'I beg your pardon?'

'Accident prone.'

'Rubbish!' The vehemence of the retort launched his cornflakes into the sugar bowl. He began to fish them out with the milk damp spoon.

'And what's more,' continued Carol, keeping one jaundiced eye on the messy recovery operation, 'it occasionally causes me concern. Today for instance -'

Brendan's eyes narrowed. The cornflakes had gone to ground, camouflaged with sugar grains. 'What about today?'

'I mean, here I am, trundling off to see my Uncle Ben, who by all accounts is wheezing his last over yet another pipeful of Navy Shag, and I have to leave you here - alone.' Brendan removed sticky, sugar frosted fingers from the bowl - he'd discounted the spoon as an unsuitable instrument. 'Carol, I'm quite capable -'

'The fact that Stephanie is arriving just before lunch and I won't be back until early this evening shouldn't cause me concern, but it does - a tiny tiny niggles. I realise,' she resumed, 'that since you're so ham-fisted over these matters even if you try something it'll probably come to naught -'

She let it hang, not wishing to make her point absolutely clear. After all, it wasn't as if she and Brendan were married. They might have lived together for three years but they had no plans to make the arrangement permanent, which left both of them room for nooky.

'Ham-fisted?' Brendan asked, outraged. 'Me?' He froze in his effort to sweep the gritty debris from the table top to the floor. Carol was ignoring him, more concerned with licking butter from the tips of her fingers. 'Oh you'll huff and puff around, make heavy, suggestive statements about her bust measurements -'

'And why should I?'

'Joke about how the hell they make bras to take the strain -'

'I -' Brendan's mouth opened and closed.

'But when it comes to the crunch you'll probably do the worst possible thing.'

Brendan gaped. 'Oh?'

'Like grabbing a handful of bum when all she needs to get her going is a gentle teasing kiss.'

In an impotent gesture of defiance at the implied criticism of his technique, Brendan swept the remainder of the scattered sugar onto the floor. 'In that case,' he enquired, 'why the tiny, tiny niggles?'

'Oh...' said Carol vaguely, 'accidents.'

Brendan spluttered. His cornflakes, in the interim, had gone soggy. 'What do you mean - accidents?'

'Occurrences,' clarified Carol, 'that are under the control of neither mind nor man.' She broke off to gaze into the far corner of the room with an expression of glazed reminiscence. 'Like the time you stepped on the hem of Nicola's dress just after the zip had snapped, or when you went swimming with Josie, all correct in your underwear except that she forgot she was wearing throwaway paper knickers...' 'Those were accidents!' protested Brendan. 'Precisely.'

'Anyway,' growled Brendan, 'my interest in Stephanie's bust is purely aesthetic.'

'So that's what you call it...' Carol was nodding sagely.

'It stems from my artistic period when I was making those plaster casts of breasts for Steve,' continued Brendan primly. 'She kindly volunteered her generous mammary glands for the purpose of mould making and I was only too happy to accept. 'I seem to remember Angela -'

'Different thing entirely,' butted in Brendan, sweeping aside what he obviously considered to be a total red herring. 'Stephanie's boobs are purely aesthetic!' In his effort to sound duly convincing he had gone bright pink. For a moment he breathed concentratedly. Then he continued. 'While you're clutching at the hand of your Uncle Ben, Stephanie will be treated with polite deference - I won't put a foot wrong. We'll sit on opposite chairs and talk like... like...'

'Brother and sister?'

'Yes,' said Brendan firmly. With an air of

righteous purpose, he ladled sugar into his coffee and skimmed off an assortment of surfacing cornflake fragments. 'I can honestly say that you've no need for even the tiniest niggles.'

'Oh I know...'

'Everything will be quite proper.'

'Quite silly...' Carol considered. 'I think I can say that I'm totally reassured.'

'I'll be a paragon of -' He paused, incredulous. 'You're what?' Before him, Carol was finishing her coffee with a confident air.

'I forgot to tell you,' she clattered down the cup, 'she's coming with her boyfriend Terence.'

Brendan was speechless.

'That's really why I can't understand these tiny niggles.' Carol frowned. 'I mean, you'd need an awfully big accident to get rid of a boyfriend as well as a bra and knickers.'

'You never told me!' Brendan sounded distinctly piqued.

'Didn't I?' said Carol, picking up her coat. 'Two extra lunches to prepare? Two people staying the night?' She kissed him and moved to the door. 'Byeeee!'

'Carol - !' Brendan rose violently to pursue - and discovered the sugar grains underfoot. As though carried on a bed of tiny ball bearings, he skidded across the room, his splaying feet slamming the door shut behind her as he crashed to the floor. The door reopened a fraction for Carol's parting advice: 'Please, Brendan, just watch out for accidents.'

As Brendan tidied the flat he tried to catalogue the possible preludes to disaster. A slowing of reactions, a fuddling of perception, an overconfidence in one's physical or mental ability. In the end they all seemed to come back to drink. Glowing with virtue he locked the drinks cupboard and dropped the key into the large, china piggy bank. It would take hours to get it out.

He was busy fluffing cushions and stuffing newspapers under the sofa when the doorbell rang.

'Hello, Brendan,' said Stephanie, standing on the doorstep and jutting into the hall.

'Hello, Stephanie,' said Brendan, and for a



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full five seconds he simply drank in the amazing sight.

Beneath an open coat, Stephanie was wearing a tight fitting, horizontally striped jumper that did nothing to reduce her bust measurements. Her breasts thrust outwards beneath the clinging material and seemed to occupy Brendan's entire field of vision.

'You look terrific . . .' muttered Brendan, trying to remember it was all a matter of aesthetics. 'Come in . . .' He peered about for the ubiquitous boyfriend who seemed to be lagging somewhat. 'Terence at the car, is he?'

With a nerve tingling jog of her superstructure as the sheer bra took up the strain, Stephanie stepped into the hall and dumped a wicker basket on the floor. 'What car? I came on the train. Anyway -' She thumped a bulging suitcase beside the basket. 'I wouldn't want to leave Terence even for five minutes. He's just had his balls chopped off and I don't think he's very happy about it.' Brendan paled.

'I had to do it though - he was screwing everything in sight.'

'Really?' Brendan's voice was a faint whisper. 'I hope Carol never gets the idea . . .'

'Only costs two quid.'

Brendan didn't reply. He couldn't honestly consider it a bargain. He became vaguely aware that Stephanie was on all fours unstrapping the wicker basket. 'Was, um, Terence . . . asked about it?'

'Hardly,' responded Stephanie, flinging back the basket lid. 'He wouldn't have much to say in the matter, would you Terence?'

Brendan glanced down and a wave of relief flooded over him. From the depths of the basket Terence was staring up with shocked yellow eyes. A deep rumbling shook his body as the ears swivelled like two radar scanners.

'He's a great traveller,' said Stephanie. 'I asked Carol if I could bring him.'

Brendan grinned. 'Yes, yes you did . . . she said so . . .'

Terence glared at him, plucked at the bottom of the basket with scimitar claws, fluffed out his black fur, and burped.

'I hope he hasn't piddled on the bottle of wine,' said an anxious Stephanie.

An hour and a half later, Terence was lying on the sofa snoring like a pig. The fact that he had his nose stuffed up his backside might have had something to do with it.

Lunch had passed uneventfully. Brendan had eschewed melons, bananas, sausages and other suggestive food. Stephanie, with the politeness of a guest had made no comment on the abstemious jug of orange squash in the centre of the table. However, now that the meal was over she regarded her lovingly preserved bottle of wine with a puzzled frown. Brendan seemed to have developed a total blank towards it. She propped her elbows, and perforce her bosom, on the table and eyed him curiously. 'Why not?'

Brendan gritted his teeth and thought of the preludes to disaster. 'I've lost the drinks

cupboard key and the bottle opener -' With a flourish, Stephanie produced an elaborate clasp knife from her jeans. Brendan regarded it with rising panic. 'Ulcer!' said Brendan triumphantly. Stephanie peered doubtfully at the plate before him which had lately been piled high with fried bacon, egg, mushrooms and fried bread.

'But not the usual sort . . .' mumbled Brendan, catching her gaze.

She replaced the clasp knife before him. 'Well I'd like a glass of wine, Brendan, even if you don't . . .'

'Of course you would,' muttered Brendan, wondering how he was going to watch her drink it.

As Stephanie moved to the couch, Terence swelled, emitted a meaningful sigh and deflated. A reluctant Brendan worked the spiral steadily into the cork and began to realise that things had started to go wrong, that his watertight protection against disaster had sprung a leak.

Still, he thought as he stood to give a first tentative tug, if he stuck to the orange juice the status quo might be preserved, and accidents averted.

It was an optimistic hope. The cork was jammed tight in the bottle neck.

He heaved manfully. His knuckles went white with the strain of pulling. His face went red and a vein stood out on his temple. 'Strike a light . . .!' wheezed Brendan and he wrenched savagely. Terence sighed.

'It's nice wine,' assured Stephanie, 'You really ought to have some.'

'No - no -' Brendan had turned puce. The cork sprang from the bottle with the sound of a pistol shot. Brendan recoiled, staggered back, tripped over cushion, and arched towards the sofa. Terence didn't wait for the impact. With a wild caterwaul, the animal sprang for the curtain and claws flailing shot vertically upwards at high speed. Once safely enmeshed in the curtain rails, he peered down, flat-eared and wide-eyed, to observe the ensuing pandemonium with myopic interest.

It would never have happened if Brendan had snatched at something else to break his fall. Perhaps it was Freudian - or simply an outside chance - but the first thing his fingers brushed against he grabbed. It happened to be the neckline of Stephanie's jumper.

'Brendan!' shrieked Stephanie as the material stretched alarmingly and was dragged from her shoulder.

'Jesus!' yelled Brendan, as still hanging on he swung round in a graceful if precipitated curve wrenching both jumper and bra strap down to the girl's elbow.

'Oh!' ejaculated Stephanie as the massive volume of her left breast popped into startlingly clear view.

Brendan's head bounced on the sofa cushion and came to rest. He blinked, looked up, and froze. Twelve inches from his nose, still quivering from the shock of release, Stephanie's exposed breast hung over him, Damoclean in its melon-like proportions.

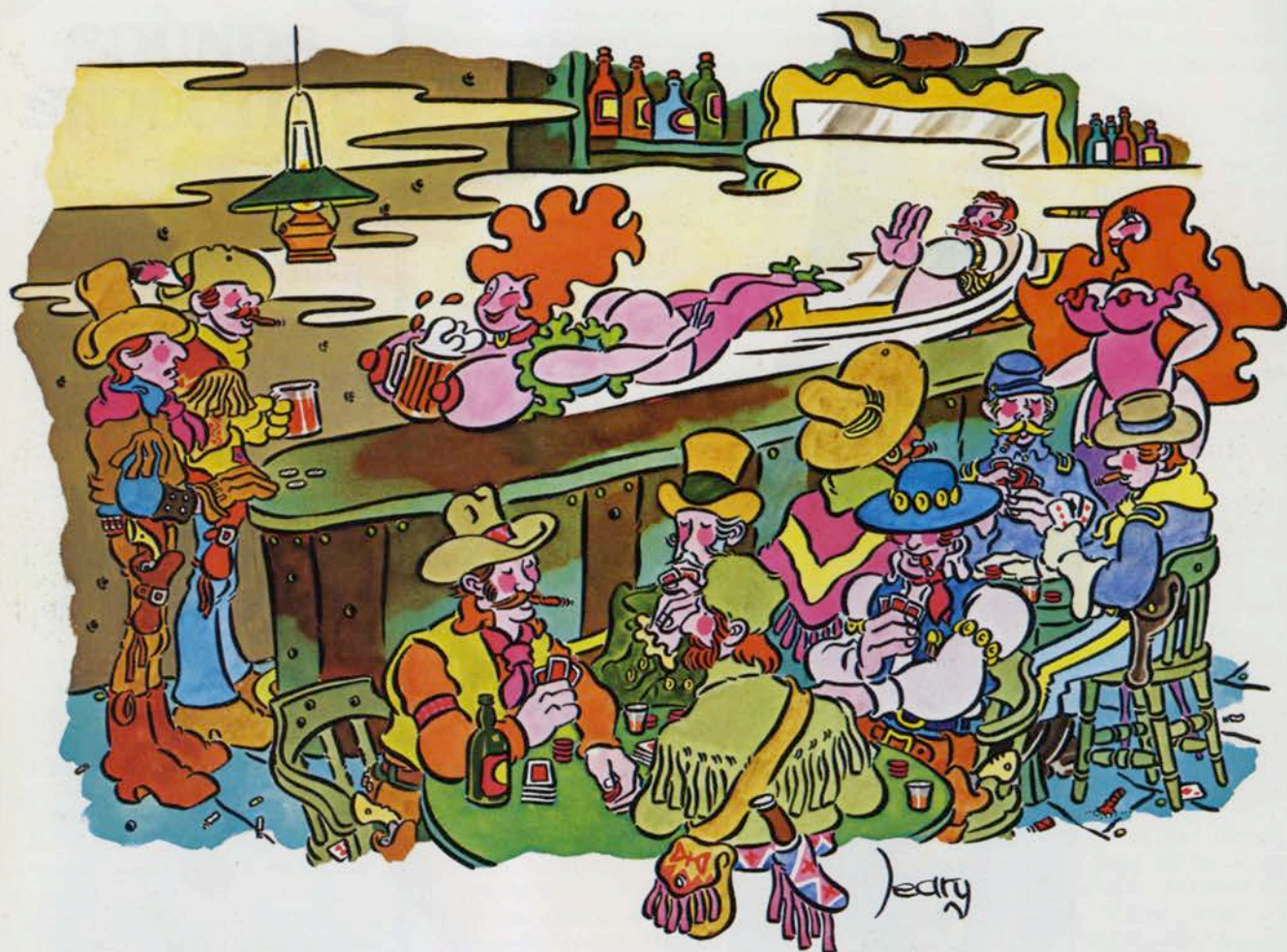
'God!' croaked Brendan in mesmerised awe

turn to page 56



Löwenbräu. As seen in Mayfair.

Smooth and mellow Löwenbräu.
Brewed and bottled in Munich.



'Topless bar girls are one thing, warm beer is another.'

BACK AT THE RAUNCH

Cartoonist Colin Leary re-appraises the legend of the old West and suggests there are still parts that need exposing



'I always shoot first and ask questions afterwards.'



'I've heard about you cowboys rolling with one hand.'



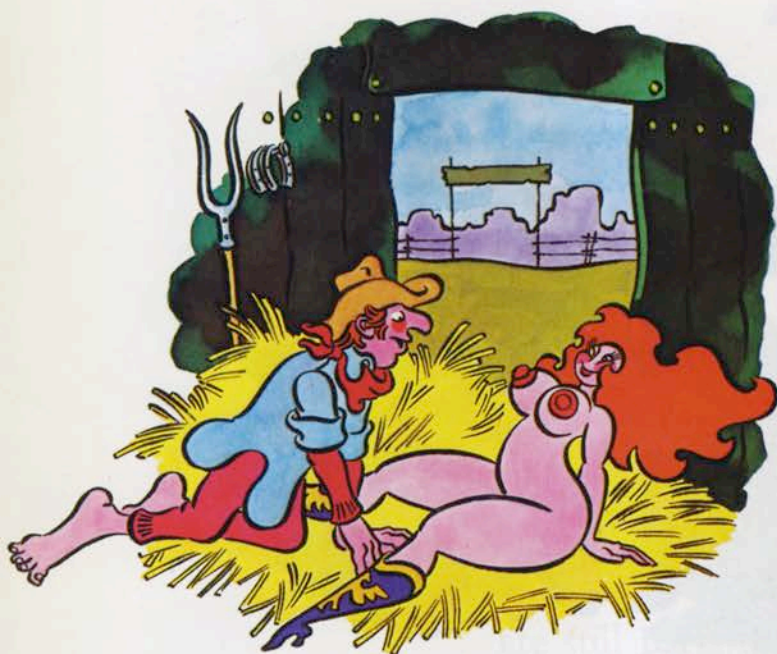
'Once I removed her fear of the camera capturing her soul I removed everything else.'



'When you said I could see your medicine balls I didn't realise you were the medicine man!'



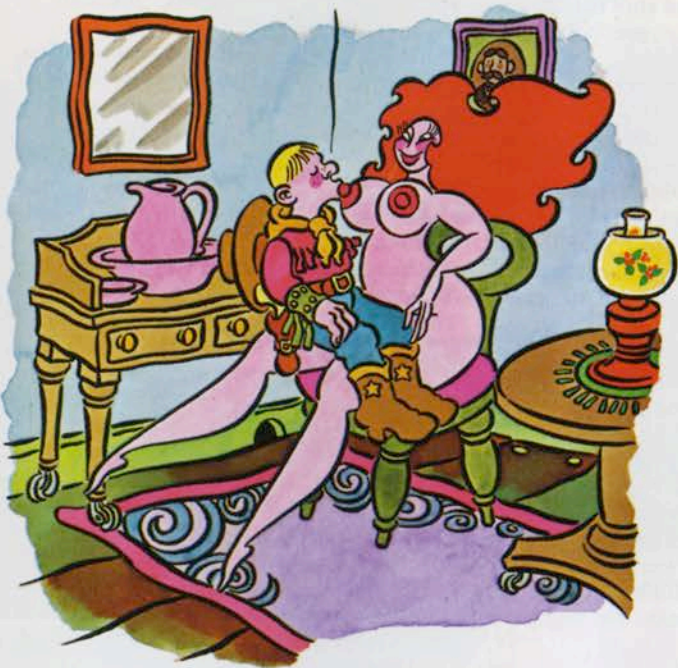
'Listen cowboy, you just died with your boots on.'



'You've got a fine spread there, ma'am.'



'I swear I saw her put a marked card down her dress.'



'Are you really Billy the Kid?'



'No ma'am, I said this was a buckboard.'



'I thought you were an outlaw when you shot me from behind.'

Brendan and the Pussy Damage

continued from page 50

Stephanie squealed. 'You did it on purpose - you -'

'No!' cried Brendan, leaping to his feet, 'honestly I -'

Stephanie was tugging furiously at her jumper, trying vainly to cover herself. Unfortunately the neckline was caught under the vast curve of flesh. 'Ever since I helped you with that plaster cast thing!' she gasped. 'Just because I've got big boobs - !'

With the energy of her futile struggles for modesty, the object in question was bouncing and trembling alarmingly. A hot sweat stood out on Brendan's brow. Much more of this and he wouldn't be responsible for his actions - his tattered protection against accidents, the shadows of his promises to Carol, would be scattered to the winds.

'I saw you -' strangled Stephanie, 'I saw you devouring me at the door!'

Her breast gave a gargantuan, wobbling heave, and Brendan's nerve cracked: 'For heaven's sake - let me -'

'No!' shrieked Stephanie.

'Won't take a second -' He snatched at the distorted jumper.

'Get off!'

'Just pop it back!' squeaked Brendan desperately as he grappled with the rogue boob.

'Lay off! It's sensitive!'

'Please - !' The nipple popped between his finger and thumb.

'No - !' Stephanie's voice cracked. 'No, Brendan -'

'Just ... a minute -' Brendan never finished.

'Uhhh - yuh ... !'

Stephanie's disposition had changed utterly. She locked her fingers behind his neck, pulled his face to hers, and shot her tongue between his teeth. The rogue boob was rogue no longer.

From his perch on the curtain rail, Terence blinked.

Stephanie drew breath as she edged back.

'I told you ... it was sensitive ...' Her voice was thin and quavering. 'Help me get rid of this jersey.' Brendan obliged.

Terence observed some five minutes of fondling and nibbling. Stephanie, stretched supine on the sofa unburdened of jersey and bra, was reflected in his yellow eyes. Ominously, his ears swivelled.

'Oh Brendan ...' moaned Stephanie. 'Oh Brendan ...' She was reaching for the top stud of his jeans.

It might have been some primordial awareness of his own gelded state that made Terence flick his tail with ungoverned fury when Stephanie drew Brendan out, but sentence or not, there was no mistaking Terence's action as she slid her hand down to cup below and beneath. He launched himself into space.

'YEEEEOWWWWWW!'

The agonised cry was Brendan's as he shot backwards clutching at his groin.

'God!' squeaked Stephanie aware that his promising manhood was wilting to nothing. 'Bloody Cat!' cried Brendan.

'PSSSTTT!' spat Terence adroitly avoiding Brendan's vengeful foot and charging straight for the open window.

The erotic spell was irrevocably shattered. Silence reigned.

Stephanie, her arms crossed over her breasts, was the first to speak. 'Brendan ... is this the first floor?'

Brendan, intent on woeful self-examination, was lost in contemplation of the string of disasters that had occurred. The accident with the wine bottle, the devastating nature of the cat's assault, the momentous quality of events that at all costs had to be concealed from Carol. He answered Stephanie's question with an affirmative grunt.

'Terence!' Eyes wide with horror she ran to the window.

There was no sign of him. A narrow ledge ran the length of the building coincident with the level of the window - but of Terence there was not the slightest trace.

Her voice trembled as she turned to Brendan. 'He's vanished ...' She looked at him with wide, tearful eyes as he painfully eased himself back into his underpants. 'Where can he have gone?'

'To hell?' suggested Brendan hopefully. He had other things on his mind.

Brendan made his initial tactical error later that evening as Carol sauntered in through the front door.

'Terence,' he flustered, 'has jumped through the window.'

Carol's face fell. 'Jumped -' She blanched. 'I knew it! I knew it! A bloody disastrous accident! Stephanie - where's Stephanie?' As she raced down the hall, Brendan had the sinking feeling he hadn't explained things very well.

Stephanie looked up with barely focusing eyes when Carol burst into the living room. She'd been consoling herself with the bottle of wine. 'Terence,' she whispered, and tipped back the bottle. 'He's gone ...'

'What hospital?' cried Carol.

'No hospital ...' slurred Stephanie.

'Brendan!'

Brendan came hurtling into the room, gibbering wildly, his arms flailing in a futile effort to shock them into order. Carol paid little attention.

'What happened?' she screamed.

'We were -' drawled Stephanie.

'Talking!' interrupted Brendan. 'And Terence jumped out of the window -'

'Because Brendan tried to kick him -'

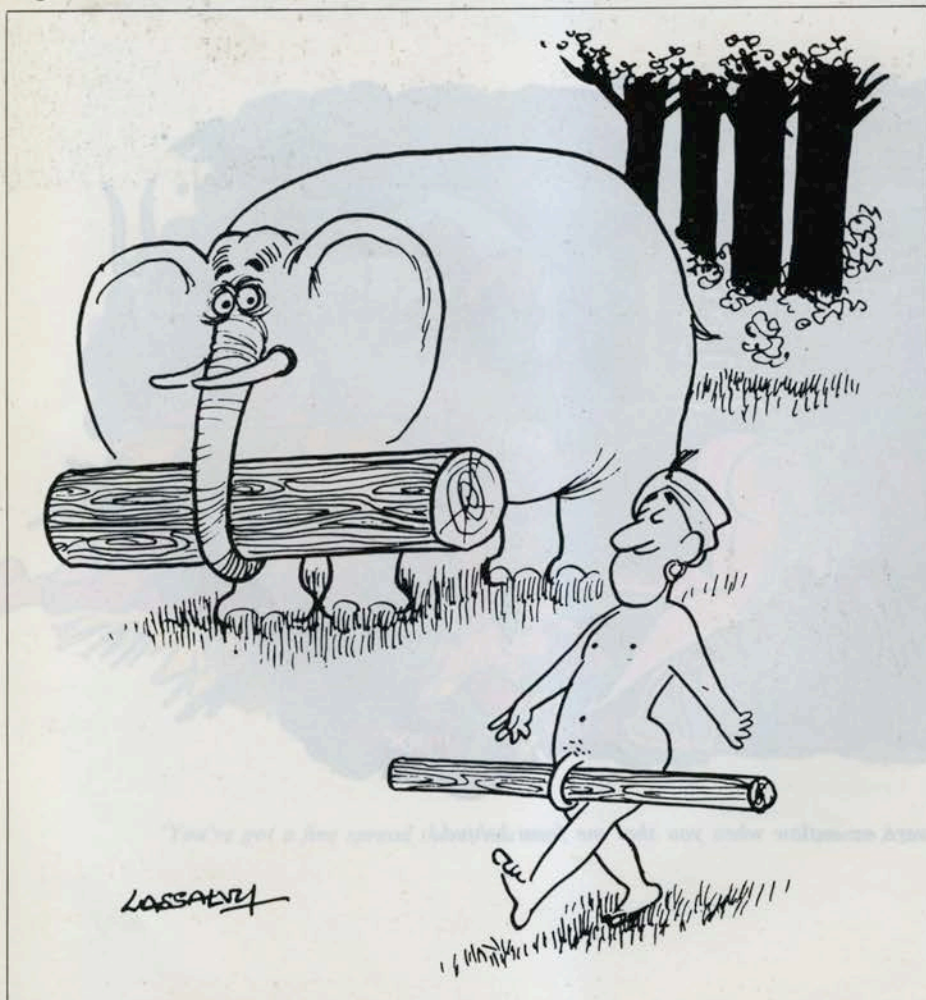
'But Carol, Terence -'

'He tried to kick him!' Stephanie had stood up unsteadily and was hollering at the top of her voice. 'Tried to kick my Terence! It'd never have happened if I hadn't got big boobs. I didn't want big boobs. I wasn't even born with big boobs - they grew when I was sixteen!'

'Usually do,' muttered Brendan dryly.

'Brendan!' admonished Carol, thoroughly disgusted with the way he was taking the apparent demise of Stephanie's boyfriend. 'He had lovely paws ...' sniffed Stephanie. 'You hear that Brendan? It's serious - Stephanie loved his paws, she really -' Carol's face suddenly became a total blank. She wavered, and then spun. 'Paws?'

turn to page 58





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toothpaste.

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your breath as you are of your body.



BECAUSE LIFE IS FULL OF CLOSE-UPS

Brendan and the Pussy Damage

continued from page 56

'Cat!' yelled Brendan, hoping desperately for some sanity.

'And he'd just had his balls chopped off,' supplied a sobbing Stephanie.

Brendan thought it best to remain silent.

Carol's breath came in rasps as her adrenalin ebbed away. Finally she spoke: 'Would somebody mind telling me what's going on?' 'Yes,' said Stephanie uneasily, Brendan held his breath fearful the truth might slip out. 'I feel sick.'

Between them, Carol and Brendan frogmarched her to the bathroom.

Carol turned from the laundry basket where she'd deposited her bra and pants, and looked at Brendan with a raised, querulous eyebrow. Long since, a reasonably sober Stephanie had been tucked up in the spare bedroom, and Carol had happened to mention in an off-handed way, that a scotch would make a rather pleasant soothing nightcap. Brendan, still in his underpants, was seated on the edge of the bed, inverted piggy bank in hand, rattling furiously and swearing at intervals.

Carol scratched her nose. 'Why, Brendan?' 'Key,' muttered Brendan. 'No drink, no accidents...'

'I see.' She nodded as though it was commonplace and clambered into bed. 'Forget it. Come to bed.'

Brendan hesitated. This was the moment of truth. Thus far he'd been able to parry any of Carol's questions that had inadvertently

come close to the root of the Terence crises. But his underpants were his last, and final protection. The scratches, though not unduly debilitating, were horribly obvious. Finally steeling himself, he snapped off the light, turned his back, and hauled down his last defence.

Carol boggled at the modesty. 'Brendan... I saw my first one when I was sixteen.'

'Mmmm?' mumbled Brendan wriggling hurriedly into bed. 'Sixteen you say?'

'They don't frighten me anymore.'

'Oh...' said Brendan, and he listened. Inexorably her breath was assuming an ominously thinking rhythm.

'Brendan...'

He coughed uneasily.

'Brendan... are you trying to say you took active steps to avoid accidents?'

'Well...'

'Brendan, this is the first time in three years of living together you've switched off the light before taking off your knickers.'

'Really?'

'Brendan -' Suddenly the light snapped on. Carol, propped on one elbow was fixing him with a suspicious gaze. 'Brendan, you took positive steps... Terence got kicked out the window... you've gone modest... Brendan, what have you been doing?'

With a sinking heart, Brendan searched for some suitable explanation. He'd been trying to think of one all afternoon for just such an occasion, but now, as then, he failed. 'Nothing,' he piped.

'Brendan...' Carol pushed back the covers.

'I - um - ah - the coffee grinder?' he suggested.

'You've been doing things,' intoned Carol, crawling down the bed for a better look. 'Doing things while I've been visiting my Uncle Ben...'

'No!' Brendan flapped in anguish. 'No - the coffee grinder slipped off the table - whirling blades and things!'

It was an explanation that Carol didn't even deign to consider. She brushed aside his protective hands and bent low, her nose inches from his crotch her backside high in the air. She stiffened, 'Brendan...'

It was inconsiderate of Terence in choosing that precise moment to vacate the roof tiles. Adroitly he shinned down the drain pipe. Sedately he walked along the narrow ledge. Energetically he leapt through the first open window, aiming for an upraised, curved paleness that looked solid.

'Bren - YEEEEOWWWWW!' shrieked Carol. 'BLOODY HELL!' With a self-protective flick of her hips Terence was shot from his perch on her buttocks.

A split second later a bewildered, spitting cat was ejected into the hall.

Carol turned from the door with an ominous ponderance. Brendan's eyes communicated imminent discovery. Irrefutable evidence had lit on Carol's posterior.

'I think,' said Carol judiciously, as she smeared her claw marked buttocks with soothing creams and lotions, 'we can reject the version about Terence charging up your left trouser leg in pursuit of an agile mouse. Also,' she winced as she anointed a particularly painful spot, 'the theory that he jumped onto your lap while you were in the loo. And somehow,' she eyed him critically, 'I don't think the hypothesis of stuffing him down your trousers to save him from a savage dog is going to pass the test either.' A cloud of talcum powder rose like a snow storm as she performed the final act of self medication. 'All of which doesn't leave you with many alternatives.' Brendan, who had maintained a diplomatic silence, shuffled his rump on the edge of the bed and coughed. 'It was an accident.'

'An accident...' Pinkly naked, Carol fingered her jaw and considered the admission. 'A genuine accident? Like Nicola, and Josie?'

Brendan blinked. 'This time I fell.'

Carol closed her eyes. 'I believe you. You're so ham-fisted at times, I've got to believe you. You fell, you grabbed and it all popped out.'

'Then I tried to stuff it back.'

'Brendan!' It was an incredulous wail. 'You can't do that - it doesn't work that way! You can't just stuff it back! I mean -' she cupped her breasts, '- they're sensitive-delicate - stimulating!'

'I know...'

Carol looked at him hopelessly. 'And I'll bet that no sooner had she got your flies open than Terence did his bit.'

Brendan gaped. 'How did you know?'

'How did I know?' She paused, kneeling between his knees, a gob of cold cream poised on an upraised finger. 'Well you see Brendan,' she began to anoint him 'my contention is you're accident prone.'



'The natives seem very friendly. Every time I light a fire they throw down a virgin!'

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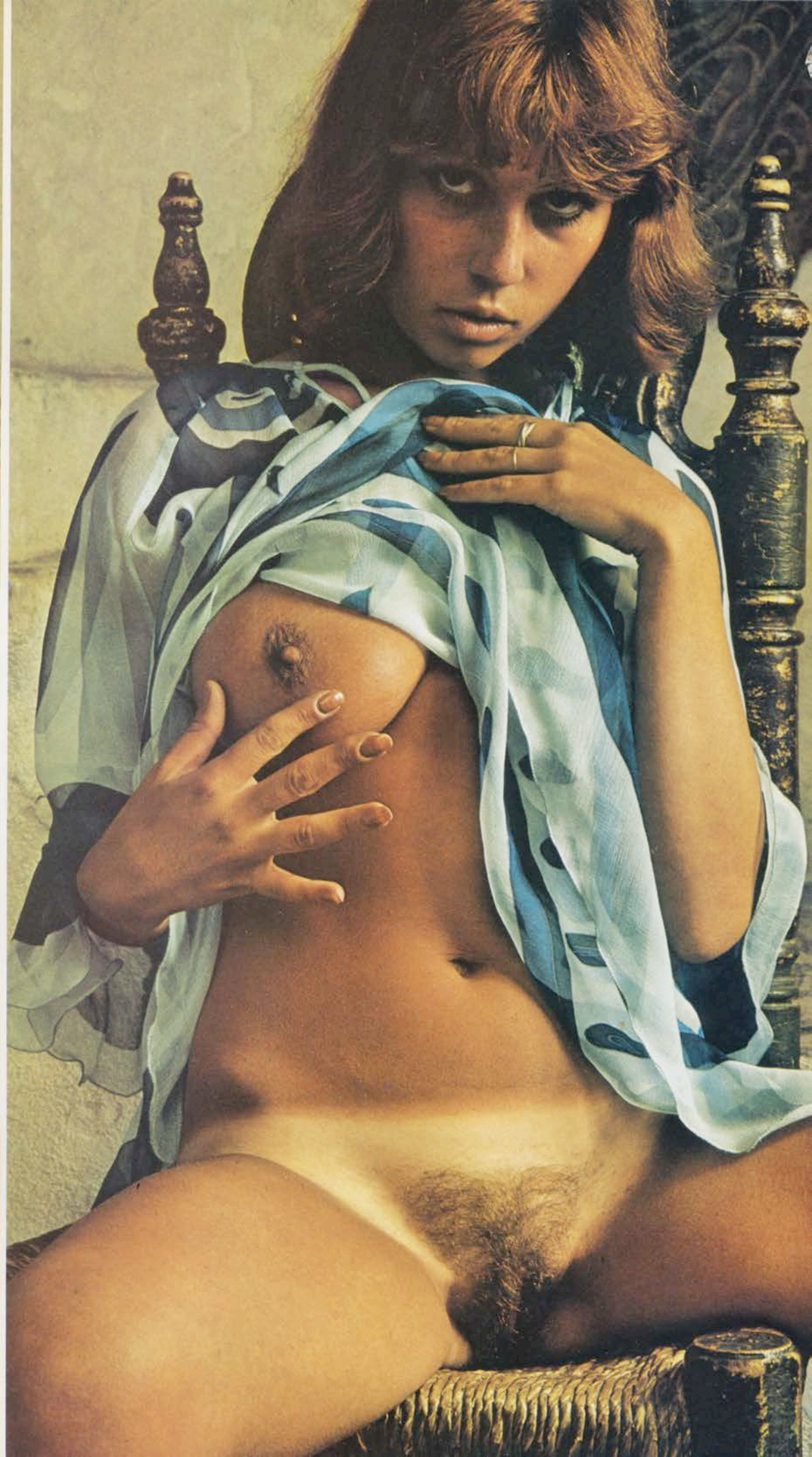
PHOTOGRAPHED

BY ROY BREWINGTON



Readers of *The Sun* newspaper will need no introduction to 23-year-old Cathy Flaubert as she's been featured in the past as one of their 'page three' pin-ups. Should your daily reading tend towards the heavier end of the market however, it's entirely possible that you are now getting your first-ever glimpse of Cathy's 36-24-36. There is one other possibility. Are you an habitué of the Côte d'Azur, in particular the most trendy fishing village in the world





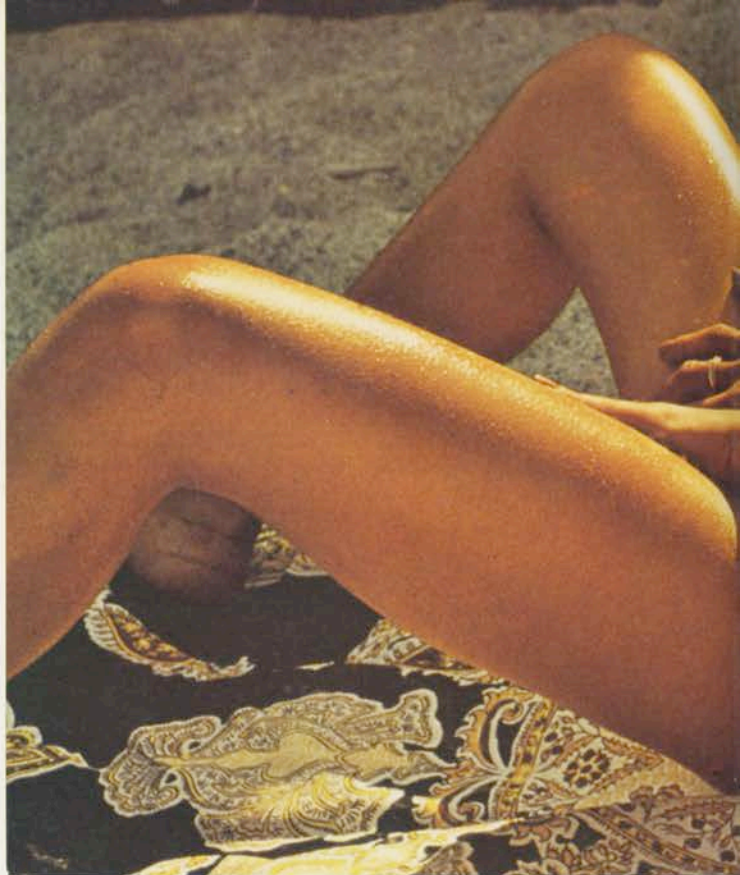


by name of St Tropez? Yes? Then you might have bumped into Cathy on the *quai*. You might even have shared a Ricard at one of the small bars, or eaten a garlic-ridden *bouillabaisse* with her in one of the myriad intimate restaurants frequented by La Bardot and the like. Chances are though, before your collective fantasies run riot, that you haven't. So you want to know everything about Cathy, of course. Firstly she's an actress and pretty good too from what our spies in gay Paree would have us believe. Secondly, she paints. Portraits, landscapes and the like. Additionally, Cathy's a dab-hand with watercolour too. Admired artists? Edvard Munch and Gustav Klimt. Cathy does little pen-and-ink sketches to fill in the time while she's pegged out on the beach sunbathing. Pen-and-ink sketches of what? Well, people, boats, hot dog salesmen, peanut vendors, more boats. Anything and everything that makes up St Trop's rich and vibrant tapestry. Cathy also does self-portraits. Nude? *Mais bien sûr*, as our Common Market colleagues would say, which means, for those of you not of a linguistic bent, you bet your sweet life she does. As the saying goes, if you've got it, flaunt it, and there can be very little





doubt on the score that Cathy most indubitably does have it. Oomph, charisma, sex-appeal, a ten-out-of-ten temperature rating, call it what you like, Cathy has it in tons with some to spare. That should answer just about all the printable questions you have about the fair Cathy. All that is bar one. And that final question is when is she coming to England? Cathy smiles enigmatically, taking a leaf from the Mona Lisa's book. This year? Next year? Sometime? Never? She grins, shrugging in that typical Gallic fashion which means 'if I come, I come, if not . . .'. If the mountain won't come to Muhammed, then Muhammed must go to the mountain and if that means a trip to St Tropez with a plane-load of founder members of the Cathy Flaubert Fan Club, then so be it. We'll all go, won't we. We'll scour the villas, comb the beaches, search the yachts, cliffs and countryside until she comes to light. Then break out the bubbly, because the celebrating will go on far into the night. We'll paint the town all shades of red and Cathy can paint us doing the painting. Complicated. Not at all. Ready men?





MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / CATHY FLAUBERT





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The PL-550 specifications sheet ☐ The Pioneer Colour Catalogue ☐

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After 70 years of speed, skill and danger is the legendary Isle of Man TT making its final circuit?

70 Photos by Andrew Morland

TT ***THE LAST GREAT RACE***



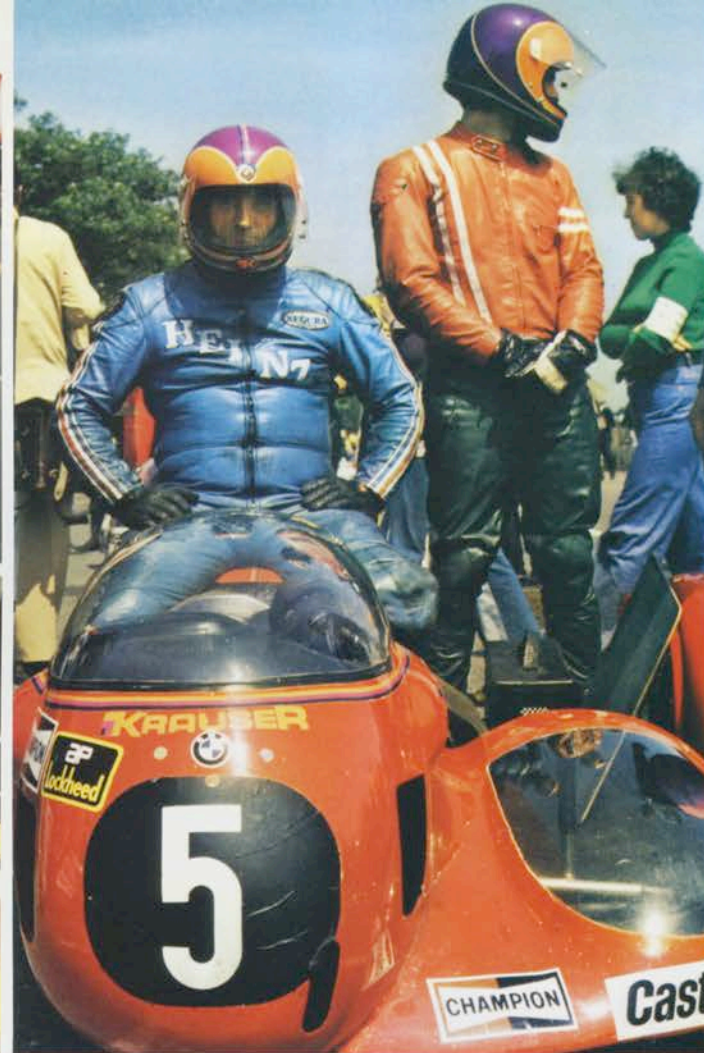
For the first weeks of June over the past 70 years, a small island 30 miles by ten, in the middle of the Irish Sea has reverberated to the roar of hundreds of the world's most powerful motorcycles. The island is the Isle of Man; the event the Tourist Trophy – immortalised as the TT, one of the most arduous, speedy and hazardous of international motorcycle

races. Run on public roads over a 37½ mile circuit – which includes tiny bridges, tight bends, an ascent of Snaefel, the island's 2000-foot high mountain, and a number of 170 mph straights – the event, which last year consisted of seven races, takes place on alternate days over a period lasting eight days. As a part of the world championships it has

attracted the sport's most famous names, but it is much more than a simple qualifying heat. The atmosphere of these short hectic weeks is unique and draws enthusiasts from all over Britain and Europe; veteran and vintage motorcycle clubs bring their annual meetings here; would-be Barry Sheenes take to the roads the moment races finish and 70 mph spurts between pedestrian 71



Above, top: British aces Mick Grant (left) on a Kawasaki and John Williams (right) on a Suzuki before the Senior TT. Above, centre: start of the 1000cc Production Race. Immediately above: start of 500cc Production Race. Other views, clockwise from centre top: Frank Rutter's 500cc at Creg ny Baa corner. Next: Heinz Luthringshauser and Lorenzo Puzo await the 500cc International Sidecar TT with a 500cc BMW. Next: the Sidecar TT at Governor's Bridge. Next: 746cc Yamaha three-cylinder engine. Next: Elmer McCabe's 250cc Yamaha at Ballaugh Bridge. Next: O'Dell and Gosling before the Sidecar TT with a 500cc Yamaha. Next: a Padgett-Yamaha sidecar.



crossings on the main sea front at Douglas are by no means uncommon. Much of the character of the TT is shaped by the island itself. Its independent Manx government, famous for its liberal tax laws which have fostered a colony of tax exiles, guards its TT traditions jealously, from the 'Mad Sunday' which opens TT week and gives hundreds of riders their first opportunity to try out the track to the trackside pubs which remain open all day. But despite local efforts and the TT's undoubted popularity, it now lies under a threat, one which seems likely to change its nature irreversibly.

Recently, after heated discussion, the Federation of International Motorcyclists decided to remove the TT's status as a



world championship event on safety grounds: over 100 people have been killed since the TT began. In future only four races will be run, under the title of 'Formula TT.' This year top riders, like Suzuki-supported John Williams, Steve Parish and the American Pat Hennen have opted to come to the Isle of Man, missing the Yugoslav Grand Prix which is a more important championship race. But even this year's record purse of £100,000 for riders and machines cannot attract them for ever.

When the stars of the circuit go, how many enthusiasts will still be prepared to take the three and a half hour boat trip from Liverpool to Douglas? Nostalgia may not stretch that far.

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Story with an Alternative Ending

continued from page 35

dreams. Shit! Schoolmaster shit, the shittiest of all.

He fondled his glans, thought of Mrs Main's thighs, and had sharp inward joy because he was doing this in her house. Oddly, while his thoughts drifted up to her cleft of magic, he still thought of her as Mrs Main. Open the white gates and let me in to your perfumed garden, Mrs Main. He jerked to reality as a knock sounded on the bathroom door.

'Here's a fresh towel for you.'

He grinned, wickedly.

He should open the door a shy inch, put out a cautious hand.

He opened the door wide, full frontal.

She dropped the towel.

Oh God, she said, not of the Hebrews, but such as Adonis or Mercury.

Her trembling hand let the towel fall, she bent down, almost kneeling. Her womanhood demanded of her: put out your arms, grasp his buttocks, kiss him where he most needs kissing. It's within inches of your mouth.

But her routine housewifely hands merely picked up the towel, handed it to him.

Her face shone with reverence, something he had not seen before, and could not interpret.

Wordless, he took the towel, closed the door, snapped the catch back in place.

She turned away with tears of rejection streaming down her cheeks. She went to the dining room, thought of pouring herself a small glass of whisky.

Sad Ending

When he came down she was well through her third large glass.

In younger years, the senses function powerfully. The whiff of alcohol stank in his nostrils. Teenagers are Victorianly intolerant towards the drugs of their elders.

'Thanks for the use of your shower, Mrs Main.' He made for the door, speedily.

'I want you!' she called.

'Same time next week.' His hand waved goodbye, he would not understand nor even turn round. Away, away!

So he visited Betta, recommended by classmates as good fun at a moderate fee. His heart pounded, his mouth dried as he entered.

'A three quid quicky?' Betta grinned, kicking off shoes and releasing panties simultaneously. 'You don't need that sheath. Keep the little man bare.'

'Sure?'

'Be having the curse any time, no chance of being pregged. It's all respectable. The rhythm method priests tell you about, though how these withered old men know about it is odd. That's right, just here on top of the bed. I'll wrap myself round you. Getting in? Come on. Oh, well, if it won't stiffen I'll take you in hand. Cover it up, 'cos I've a nice generous business man coming soon, and we don't want to mess the bed, do we? Just lie back. Gosh, you're taking some time. There, now, that's it. I'll dispose of that; some of my gents are fussy

about things like that. Now I don't want to hurry you, sonny, but this bloke's a regular...

As he dressed, he thought: the National Health Service should take this over. Even they would run it better.

Three pounds for approximately ten minutes of frustration and humiliation. Even less comforting was a rumour, some days later, of almost epidemic VD in the college.

I should have sheathed it right away, he told himself, remembering how his penis had pressed against that moist vulva. He examined himself ten times a day, douched with disinfectants that crimsoned his foreskin.

A sad time was had by all, including Mrs Main, who found that though a bottle somewhat resembles a penis, it's never quite so stimulating. They had forgotten that ancient saying: lovers, you may lose virginity, but never, never, must you lose courage.

Glad Ending

As mentioned, she went into the dining room, thought of pouring a whisky for herself. No, no Dutch courage she told herself, it slows me, and I need all sharpness and sensitivity right now.

Her god-boy brisked downstairs.

Do not drive him into a defensive corner. No corners, only curves. Relax, my soul, and glow with welcome.

Without words, she held out her arms.

He came running. Vibrant and alive he entered her clasp. She felt him tremble like a captured bird.

At first she thought he was chuckling. She misinterpreted the heaving of his body.

Then a slight dampness on her shoulder made her put a hand under his chin, turn up a face that streamed with tears.

She kissed them away, savouring the saltiness.

'Upstairs!' she commanded, peremptory as a ward sister with an urgent case. Into the spare bedroom, my upset little boy. I'll slip off your shoes, rest there now.

'Back in a minute.'

She rushed to freshen her fanny, spot best scent on earlobes, put on scanty panties, visible-nipple bra, prim frock. He must have the joy of undressing her. She held her head high as she returned.

'You're like a queen.'

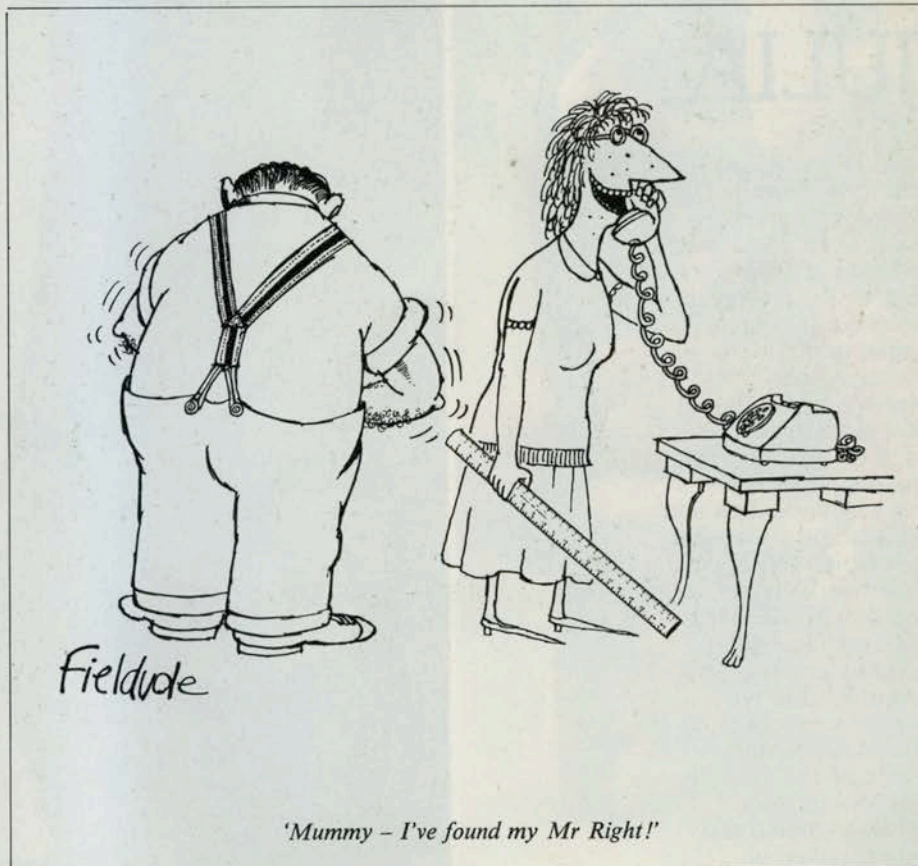
'Every housewife has regality within her. Arise, Sir Knight, and assist your queen to disrobe.'

Laughing, she drew the curtains. Neighbours belonged to some constellation light-years away, but their beady twinkles must be shut out.

He was on his feet, gently kissing her. She lifted his hand to the top of the zip. She felt him tremble. What a gentle, even timorous soul nestled inside this exteriorly brash young man. She closed eyes, heard the zipper open. Slowly, she shrugged her shoulders, felt the dress slip to the floor. Time seemed to have slowed. A poor world this, if, full of care, we have no time to stand and stare. Stare well at my nipples, beloved.

Unaccustomed fingers fumbled at the catch of her bra. She waited patiently, watching his face. Sweet my love, now your glance repays all that toil to keep my curves reasonably taut. Your boyish eyes pass two votes of confidence in me now.

They had entered the trance of telepathy, turn to page 82



'Mummy - I've found my Mr Right!'



JULIA

Julia Tannenbaum's definitive essay on D H Lawrence's great novel *Sons and Lovers* was going down very well at her university tutorial until she began to quote the passage when Mrs Morel enters her coalminer husband's back-to-back cottage wearing stockings and suspender belt and brandishing a six foot whip. You don't remember that bit? Julia didn't either, until she recalled that a helpful boyfriend had offered to type out her essay because Julia's handwriting is not of the best. 'I was always quite nervous reading out loud to seven or







eight students as well as my tutor and I honestly didn't listen to the words. You should have seen everybody's faces. Luckily the tutor was a friend and burst out laughing.' That was some three years ago when Julia's lean 32-24-32 form, draped in regulation denim, tee-shirt and cowboy boots, could be seen about the campus of a certain southern England university noted for the fieriness of its student body. 'My body has never been politic,' she says. 'I think all life's solutions come from within.' Her studies were 'mongrel', she says. 'Some fine arts, a lot of English, a bit of history, which I hated. If I'd thought about it for longer than a minute I'd have gone to art school.' Now 23, she's making up for it, working for and with artists in the pleasanter cultural colonies of the Mediterranean. 'I model quite a bit and I've worked in a couple of small restaurants for friends, which was fun, but I've always managed to find some time to work on my own. I'm almost a beach bum.' Her first shy smile. 'But always an artist underneath, of course.'





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Gentlemen, that reminds me...



A round-up of after-dinner jokes

A wealthy businessman decided that following his latest killing on the stock market he would move to the country. He had already sent his son to boarding school and when the next term finished his son went to the family's new home for the first time.

One day his father said he would take the boy and show him round the village as it was market day. The boy was suitably bewildered by country life. They wandered around the cattle market and whilst there they both saw a farmer feeling the udders of a cow which was up for sale. The son said to the father, 'What's he doing to that cow?'

'By handling the cow like that,' replied the father, 'he can tell what her yield of milk will be like before he buys her.'

The next morning at breakfast time the little boy was nowhere to be seen and when he did turn up his father was already halfway through breakfast. 'Son,' said the scolding father, 'now you're living here you have got to be up in time for meals.'

'But I have been up for a long time,' protested the son. 'I've been for a walk and as I was a little late I came in through the servants quarters and Dad, judging from what I saw in the kitchen, I think the butler will be buying the cook.'

The gorgeous blonde was posing nude when the young painter dropped his brushes and palette and threw her to the floor and kissed her passionately.

'Do you do that to all your models?' she said, recovering from the shock.

'No,' he protested, 'you're the first.' 'Really?' she said in a disbelieving voice, 'and how many models have you had before me?'

'Three. A bowl of fruit, a vase and an umbrella stand.'

Walking into a pub with a strange animal on a lead trailing behind, a man ordered a pint of lager from the landlord. 'What sort of dog is that?' asked the publican.

'It's very rare - a long-nosed, short-legged, long-tailed terrier.'

'Can it fight?' asked the landlord.

'Best there is,' replied the man.

With that the landlord left the bar and returned with a fierce, snarling bull terrier. 'Now,' said the landlord, 'if it can beat my dog, I'll buy your drinks all night.'

The man agreed and the landlord brought his dog into the centre of the bar room. In a flash the bull terrier lay, dead with its head bitten clean off. 'Oh God,' said the landlord. 'I've never seen anything like that before. What breed did you say it is?'

'It's a long-nosed, short-legged, long-tailed terrier,' said the customer. 'Mind you, though, some people call them alligators.'

A liberated young lady took a holiday in the country and was disappointed at the unusual lack of males in the area. After a few days she grew decidedly randy and by the end of the week she was desperate so she enticed a farmhand to the top of a haystack and by devious means removed his, and her own clothes. 'Now,' she said, pointing to his member, 'put that in here.' The lad blanched.

'Daren't do that miss,' he said.

'Come on,' she urged, but again the lad refused.

'I'm scared miss,' he confessed, 'there's teeth in there that'll bite me.'

'Nonsense,' she retorted. 'Look,' and she showed him her all. 'No teeth.'

'Maybe not now, Miss,' he replied uncertainly, 'but look at the size of them gums.'

A Welsh miner always wanted to be a solicitor but having to earn his living down the pit he did the next best thing and bought a copy of *Cassell's Home Lawyer* and solved many village problems. One day, as he sat with the book on his knee, a friend asked his advice. 'What's the problem?' he asked.

'Well, Dai, I got home unexpected like from pit and caught a man mucking about with my wife.'

'Mucking about, eh?' He turned the pages for a while and then said, 'No. There's nothin' in law about mucking about. What was he doing?'

'Well, he was buggering about with her.'

'Buggering about, eh?' he muttered as he thumbed through the pages again. 'No, you can't have that between a man and a woman. That's homosexual, you see. What was he actually doing?'

'He had his hand on it.'

'His hand, eh? That sounds serious.' Once again Dai shuffled through the pages. 'Dew man, pity it wasn't his foot. We could have got him for trespass.'

There was a young lady from Brighton Who thought that her hole was a tight'un, Her boyfriend said, 'Love, it fits like a glove.'

She said, 'Yes, but you're not in the right un.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

Story with an Alternative Ending

continued from page 75

or lovepathy, where it is possible to hold conversations without words.

And I'm a silly, she thought, to blush whilst he tenderly strips off my panties. We liberated women are tigresses that broke the bars, but still would walk in small circles around our cages of convention. He had gone down with the trifle of cloth. He knelt, forehead resting against her mons. He is afraid.

Gently she put down her hands, lifted his chin.

"Frank, you're improperly dressed. I want you scuddy-bottom bare naked."

He took off his clothes.

She clasped his hands, knowing now why he had been afraid.

"Not to be vexed. Frank. You'd a splendid erection out in the garden. I was admiring it. You're uptight now. That's all that's wrong with you. Let's lie in each other's arms on top of the bed. That's a lovely relaxing thing to do."

There he clasped her, one arm tight around her shoulder so her breasts squashed deliciously against his chest, the other hand gently on her buttocks. Her hands were free to scratch delicate arabesques on his back, right down to the base of his spine.

"May I - may . . ." he asked.

"Mm-mm?"

"May I see you?"

"Lecherous boy." She gurgled with laughter, pulled out a pillow to slip beneath her bottom, watched him go to the foot of the bed.

She opened wide the white portals of her treasure house, tickled the nape of his neck whilst his fingers and eyes ravished her, and meanwhile she thought: how strange, that after all the decades of sex education, this is still a holy mystery to the young male.

He came back up to her, kissed and cuddled, whilst gently she slipped her hand downwards. Still flaccid. A most tense young man.

"Let me," she requested, "play a tune on your piccolo."

His eyebrows went up.

She bent over him, gently pulled his penis straight, tapped out a tune with her fingers, whilst she sang: "Piping down a valley wild, Piping songs of pleasant glee . . ."

But he did not understand what it was all about until her lips, tight over her teeth, clasped the base firmly. Her tongue pulsed, swirled around, like a magically quivering quim.

"That's like nothing else," he gasped. Ecstasy such as he had never dreamed of now made him quiver to the toes.

"Darling, I'm going to . . ."

She squeezed his bottom, then fingers slid round to his testicles, caressing.

He convulsed as a wild carnal fantasy became real.

"You swallowed," he said unbelievably as he rested like a spent salmon.

"Would I reject you?"

She let him rest awhile, then began to tickle.

"My loveboy, do you know what your queen was thinking, when you were being

invested with the Order of the Bath? That it would be great fun to share the shower with you. Coming?"

"We could," he remarked as they teased and played with each other under the cascade, "go on like this all afternoon."

"Can you think of any better way of spending the afternoon? You said earlier - it seems like years ago - you were going somewhere special."

"I've arrived."

"Back to bed, you piece of male nonsense. Race you . . . Now in between the sheets."

I'm shivery with you pouring that cold spray on me. Cuddle, that's right. It says in the sex books that women like to be cuddled. Oddly enough, that's true."

Something hard moved against her thigh. You shy little boy, going to bed properly has dispersed your inhibitions. He kissed her mouth, her throat, her breasts, until love-oil anointed her again. He rolled her over on her back. Missionary position? My darling heathen, I shall preach you a sermon of sacred love, I shall convert you . . .

The great airship approached the runway a little high; she, experienced controller, gave gentle precise guidance, down it came. Now in this secret landing area the doors of the great hangar begin to quiver and open for this powerful wonder of the skies. In, in, in!

She brought her knees right up and back, vicing his waist between her legs. Her hands pressed and caressed his hips. She rocked and moaned, shuddered.

He stopped thrusting, looked anxiously at her.

"Are you all right?"

"Having the time of my life."

Sweet innocence.

His penis moved again, and tension mounted in the intricate recesses of her womanhood. She was the earth, level geological strata into which molten basalt intruded, creating fearful stresses. Now the fiery magma pressed harder, cracked the surface to a million flaming fragments that rocketed to the skies.

Gasping like athletes who have broken the pain barrier, they held each other, still love-linked.

At last, when she watched him go, she blessed her lover, and blessed the long summer to come. He, full of genuine self-confidence strode away to conquer the world.

That night she gave her husband a performance that startled him by its ingenuity and intensity. It made him cool towards the compliant little typist who was so limited in bed-ideas. Their marriage strengthened and soared.

This double-ended story is not slanted against prostitutes, who, in the main, are honest, hard-working souls; girls in business, as they describe themselves. Like shop stewards, however, they are acutely aware of the rate per hour. This is basically different from the viewpoint of the amateur love-girl, who, instead of anxiously watching the minute hand while faking an orgasm, would rather prolong the golden moment of Now into infinity. ☘

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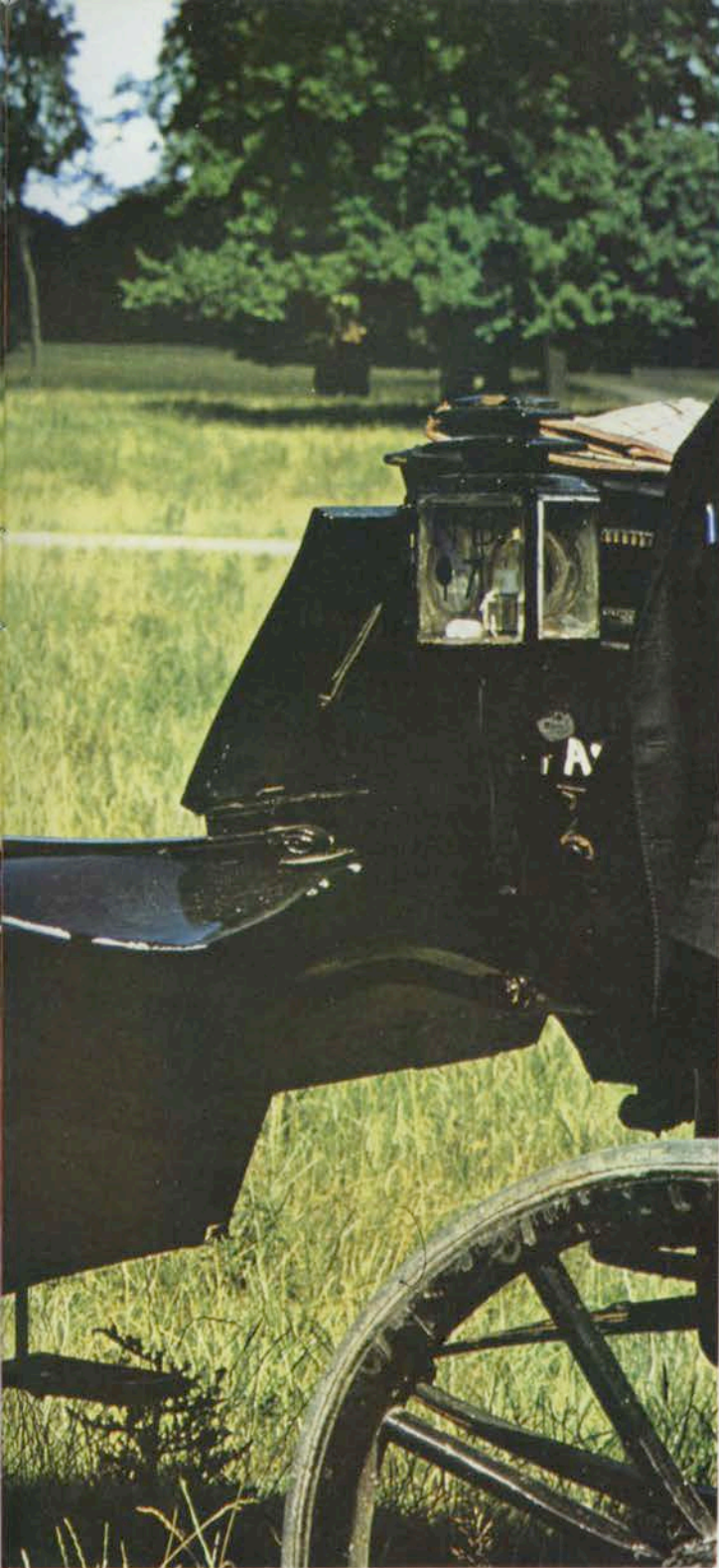
Geraldine & Fitzgerald

Miss Geraldine De Selby, chamber maid to an impecunious aristocrat, has often looked fondly upon the family carriage of her elderly employer, kept, so it is said, out of reverence for a long-vanished grandeur. A view stoutly defended by the estate's redoubtable handyman and seldom-used chauffeur, the doughty Fitzgerald, who twice a year shackles the polished, darkly shining vehicle to his employers' remaining filly and parades it about

the countryside for the benefit and admiration of the few passersby. 'I wonder,' remarks young Geraldine, passing Fitzgerald in the sun-warmed conservatory one bright June morning, 'if I might accompany you, Mr F, seeing as I have a free afternoon and very little to occupy my mind.' And she smiles with the honey-blond sweetness of a girl of 19 summers, generous of form and almost always willing to please. How can Fitzgerald







deny her? For the few short months the cheerful Geraldine has graced his presence he has looked on her with longing, albeit fatherly. 'If I were just twenty years younger,' he dreams and leaves his dream unspoken. 'Of course,' he replies, 'but you must wear your finest. On these occasions we are representatives of his lordship.' 'Oh, thank you, Mr F,' whispers Geraldine and with a smile as subtle as it is sunny, trips away. As the afternoon sun scalds the driveway, Fitzgerald turns from the prepared carriage to a vision of delight: Geraldine, whitely bonneted, in a white smock dress – which discreetly hints at cleavage – approaches under a spotless parasol, her smile of peaches and cream. She melts his heart, stills his tongue, so with the gentlest of smiles they clip-clop onto the estate roads, Fitzgerald's head drawn again and again to the blonde vision languishing behind him. As the estate buildings fall out of sight, her voice falls on his ear. 'They do say, Mr F, that her ladyship, in her younger days, behaved strangely on her





carriage rides with you; that on a hot summer's day she would often disrobe, utterly,' Fitzgerald's heart quickens at fond memory. 'I was wondering,' her voice smiles, 'How nice that would be. Now you wouldn't mind, Mr F., would you?' And even as he turns his head her fingers loosen that spotless bodice and sweet, pale brown breasts nuzzle into the warm sunlight. Her shy look catches him under lowered lashes. 'Do you like what you see, Mr F? It

would be so nice to pause and sunbathe for a while, while the sun's so warming. Could you manage to help with my dress?' 'You're a minx,' accuses Fitzgerald as he slips off her undergarments beside the halted carriage. 'Nonsense,' smiles Geraldine. 'It's well known you were a bit of a lad in your youth. Why should you miss out because you're getting on a bit?' And as she stretches on the turf Fitzgerald only smiles.

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Gliding to Battle

continued from page 40

too far from their objectives to be effective and many of the remainder crash landed with their occupants dead or badly injured. They achieved less than half the tasks allotted to them and at a terrible cost in lives. In the final analysis, more than 7,000 of the attacking force had been killed and another 3,500 wounded.

Apart from a few minor missions, this was the end of the German gliders in an attacking role and they were largely relegated to the supply function. As General Student later said, 'Crete was the graveyard of the German paratrooper.'

In Britain, Eban Emael had come as something of a shock. In June 1940, Winston Churchill instructed his Chief of Staff to organise the creation of a 5,000-man parachute force plus a unit devoted to glider landing. The instruction stated that the force had to be ready for action in the spring of the following year so, starting from scratch, we had less than 12 months to achieve what had taken the Germans six years. Lieutenant-Colonel John Rock was given the task of meeting Churchill's timetable; he was given very little else. The Central Landing School was established at Ringway, near Manchester, with a captured German parachute and helmet and four elderly aircraft.

While the Prime Minister's instruction had been specific about the number of paratroopers required, he had made no stipulation on the size, disposition or application of the glider element and, but for circumstances, they may well have been neglected in the rush to train paratroopers.

It was soon discovered that there were only enough suitable aircraft available to transport 800 parachute troops and so the planners were forced to turn to the glider as a means of carrying a larger striking force. Having made this decision, they then discovered there was also a shortage of aircraft, military or civil, that could be readily converted to towing gliders. What they did have were large numbers of ancient biplanes like the Hawker Hart and it was the maximum towing capacity of this aircraft that dictated the size of the first British glider.

A wingspan of around 50 feet and a capacity of eight troops was arrived at and with this scanty information, the Air Ministry approached the General Aircraft Company to produce the glider. The urgency of the situation cut through a lot of red tape and the Hotspur I was ready for use just four months after the order had been given. It was a streamlined craft with a tapered wing and although three Marks were built none were ever destined to be used in combat although they were eventually to be the basic trainer for many glider pilots.

By now, a new glider, the Horsa, was becoming available from the Airspeed Aviation Company. The Horsa could carry 30 troops or almost its own weight in supplies. It had a wingspan of almost 90 feet and was built entirely of wood. It was an ugly warhorse whose appearance belied its fine performance. The availability of more powerful aircraft such as the Halifax to act as tugs

had made larger gliders possible and by March 1942 we had the giant Hamilcar. Capable of carrying a tank, the Hamilcar had a wingspan of 110 feet and, fully loaded, weighed more than 16 tons.

In January of the same year, the 1st Airborne Division had been formed under General 'Boy' Browning. More than half the division were glider troops. Brought into being at the same time was the Army's Glider Pilot Regiment, an innovation that was to set our glider troops apart from those of the Germans and the Americans. The Regiment was formed by Major George Chatterton and he set the goal that the pilots should not be just good pilots but should also be superlative soldiers, equally at home behind a Bren gun or rifle as at the controls of their gliders. After landing, the glider pilots formed their own fighting unit able to give as good an account of themselves as their former passengers whom they fought alongside. In combat, when it really mattered, the British glider pilot's quality and organisation showed the American shortsightedness in not following the same disciplines in stark contrast.

By the autumn of 1942, several hundred men had gone through the rigorous training and, even though gliders were still in short supply, they clocked up as many hours as possible behind the controls. Also, the Hamilcars now carried their own specially designed tank – the Tetrach – and familiarisation flights were under way for both glider and tank crews.

The first large-scale test for the British gliders came with the Normandy invasion. It was planned that between midnight and dawn on June 6, some 6,000 parachute and glider troops would be landed ahead of the main invasion, with a further 3,000 gliderborne infantry to follow later in the day. Some very pessimistic forecasts were being made about the chances of success. Air Chief Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory for instance, predicted a 50 percent loss rate for gliders and tugs, a prediction that was echoed in other quarters too.

The first to leave for Normandy were 60 men of the 22nd Independent Parachute Company who were to act as pathfinders for the airborne landings. They were closely followed by six Horsas carrying troops to assault the vital bridges over the Caen Canal and the river Orne just behind

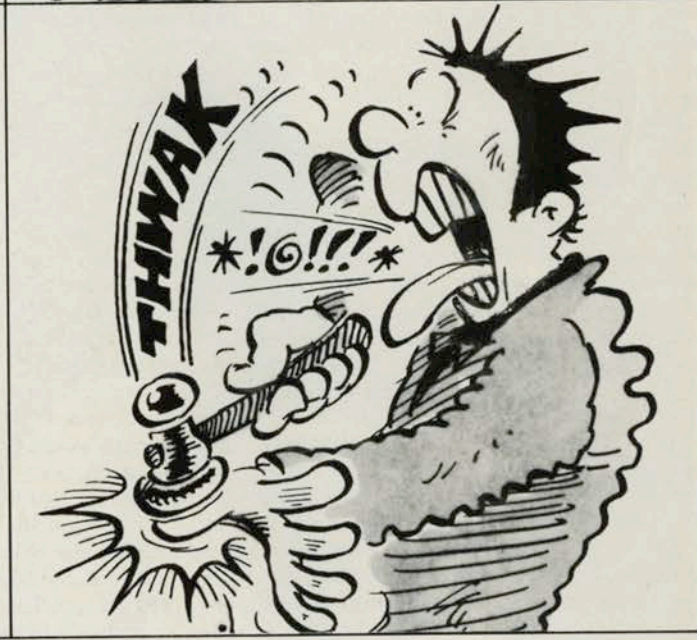
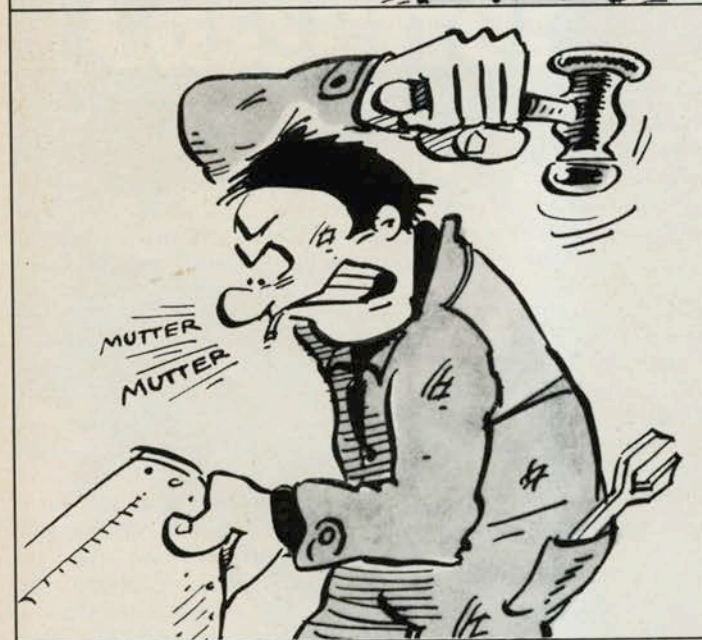
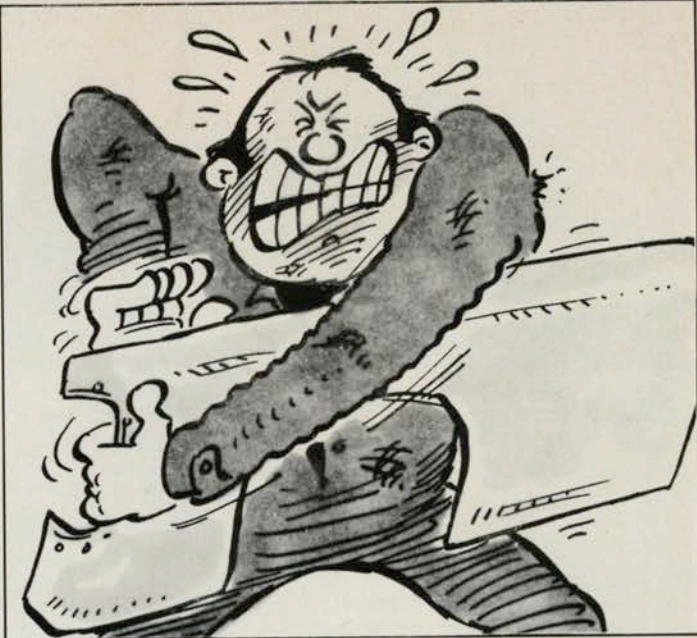
'Sword' beach, and three more Horsas that were to land on a battery of German guns at Merville. These were a vital objective in the pre-invasion plans for the guns were placed to command the Normandy beaches and had the range to reach the invasion fleet well out to sea.

A parachute battalion had gone to Merville ahead of the gliders, to be in position around the battery in time for the gliders' arrival. Of these three gliders, one broke its tow soon after leaving its base and, when the other two arrived over the target, they had trouble locating the landing point as the radio beacon that had been set up by the advance party had been destroyed. The first glider landed some distance from the battery and its complement of troops were unable to make their rendezvous until the next morning. The second glider came within 50 yards of the battery, having taken some flak over the coast and with several wounded aboard. The troops disembarked only to run slap into a German patrol heading to reinforce the battery. The glider troops held off the reinforcements while the paratroops took over the assault of the guns which, despite stiff resistance, they managed to take and destroy. The first major objective of the Allied airborne landings on D-Day had been accomplished. At 5,000 feet over the mouth of the river Orne, the six gliders carrying troops for the assault on the bridges slipped their tows. At 3,000 feet they diverged, three gliders making for each of the bridges. As they made their final descents, the men inside linked arms to cushion the shock of landing. At the Caen Canal bridge, the first glider stopped with a jerk as it struck barbed wire entanglements, pitching both pilots through the windscreen on to the grass less than 50 yards from their target. The assault party raced for the bridge where, despite stiff resistance, they overwhelmed the defenders. At the Orne river bridge, the silence of the gliders' approach had secured complete surprise and the target had been taken unopposed. Now, three of the most important preparations for the seaborne invasion had been completed.

The main airborne invasion fleet was now on its way. More than 1,000 powered aircraft were lifting troops and equipment right over Hitler's Atlantic Wall, the most imposing defence system ever devised by man. Paratroops had been busy removing 'Rommel's Asparagus', rows of wooden stakes 20 feet long, driven deep in the ground and often wired to mines, from the landing zones of the main invasion. For the pilots of the main armada, visibility over the mainland was difficult. Cloud, dust and smoke obscured landing grounds but flares were put up by the pathfinders and soon a seemingly endless stream of Horsas and Hamilcars were queuing to make their final approaches. Landings ranged from excellent to near disastrous and all was confusion as gliders converged from all directions onto the congested landing areas.

In the first wave, 79 Horsas were landing and soon the cleared strips were littered





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WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

No. 6

Lornas are leggy,
Elegant and slim,
Bursting with sex appeal
Full to the brim.

Black silk is their colour,
Fits like a glove,
Rustles and slithers
When they're making love.

They're slow over dressing,
Invite you to see
How taut are the panties,
How plunging the vee.

Such sexy behaviour
Can lead to a bout.
Lornas get taken
Without going out.



When BMC absorbed more and more of the independent British companies, two of the 'plums' were Triumph and Rover. Jaguar was, and is, Leyland's top prize. But just below this exotic level it has inherited from the BMC those quality-twins, Triumph and Rover. If you cast back very briefly to the histories of these makes, you find the early Triumphs rather shoddy confections, the Rover mostly solid and dignified. But as the years rolled along, the former became more sporting, the latter more the executive's idea of decent transportation. It

was, however, not a very clear-cut demarcation. Some thought the post-war, two-litre six-cylinder Triumph more desirable than the new generation, four-cylinder Rover 2000. Then it got confused again, as the fuel-injection Triumphs somehow lost ground to Rover, which branch of our BL colossus had by then, introduced the desirable 3½-litre V8 Rover 3500.

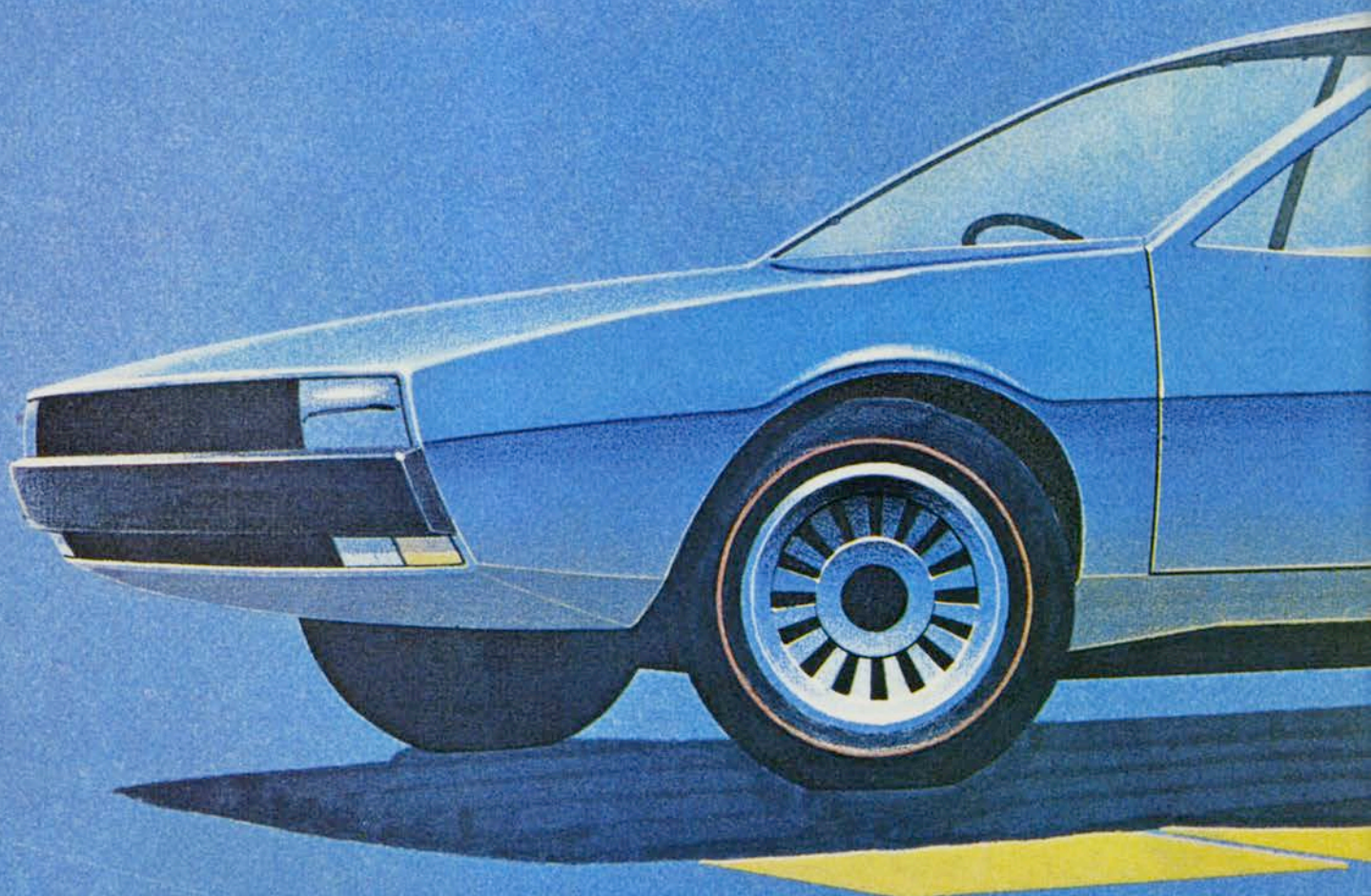
What Leyland has today is the recently revised version of this Rover motor car, with its power pack a compact, light alloy push-rod overhead valve engine of American

(Buick/Oldsmobile) origin. It is a very clever, ingeniously engineered car. The fact that Spen King was given an unsullied drawing board on which to form it ensured that. It is a car for the present time. By which I mean that it is a sophisticated, fast, accelerative, dignified executive's dream carriage, costing a mere £5,490, or £5,661 if the driver prefers the gears to change themselves, in preference to using a very good manual five-speed gearbox. The comparable Triumph, now of 2½-litres but of two fewer cylinders, is the 2500S, costing

£4,727, or £4,816 in automatic form.

Any good company car costing less than £6,000 these days is worth more than a casual glance. One endowed with all the new Rover 3500's desirable features that lists at under £5,500 demands to be given at least a trial run. Spen King and his experienced band of designers and engineers have only contrived to achieve this by paring away some of the complexities of the older Rover 3500 and the four-pot 2000s. This is a trend of the times, which technicians may regret but which benefits buyers. We

ROVER'S NEW RAVER



saw the same change from front-drive complication to front-engined/rear-drive simplification in the Morris Marina. One thing that King rided himself of was the former De Dion back axle. Now this is an expensive type of rear end. Historians love to tell you how it appeared on a veteran De Dion Bouton, was then forgotten for years, to be revived just prior to World War Two for the most advanced, ultra-powerful racing cars. True. Because the De Dion axle combines the best of independent rear springing and the rigid back axle. It allows a

driver to floor the accelerator of a powerful car on a wet and greasy road and accelerate away in a controlled straight-line. (Instead of a spinning wheel flinging him sideways.) Even on your Rover 2000TC of well-remembered affection it was that way. But there is a price to pay for everything in this life, from too much sex to engineering *chic*. So the older Rovers had a slight tendency to weave, which, in my experience, worsened on the De Dion axle eight-cylinder 3500. The latest Rover 3500 has a normal common-or-family-car back axle, cheap to instal, but

so ingeniously attached to the body shell that it gives exceptional road-holding—I'm not taking sides as to whether it is *quite* as good as the system it replaces—and without the weave. Then Mr King was sensible enough to keep that light, efficient, torquey vee-eight power pack, but in improved, slightly more powerful form, so that *exceptionally* high gearing is permissible—which spells fuel thrift. Then at the front, where the system of suspension fed the loads into the bulkhead on the old 2000s, another change was made. It was long overdue,

anyway, because the old layout was expensive, apt to mis-track if not properly serviced, and expensive to build in. The new Rover 3500 is happy with simple coil spring struts. David Bache sculpted a completely fresh body shape for the Rover of today, and very significantly put in a hatchback fifth door, which places this particular executive car in a category of its own—and not every business executive has a chauffeur to do the luggage-loading for him or refuses to let his wife or girlfriend use his car on a shopping spree. I am not sure that I like the lines all

The British Leyland wedge-shaped Rover has steadily collected a myriad of awards and rave notices from the world's motoring press and is sure to become another classic of this famous make / Motoring with William Boddy



that much, and the Rover as restyled is not the easiest of cars to see from, as you place it for a tight corner or reverse into a parking meter pad. But the 'wedge' is imposing, and up-to-the-minute. That this Rover handles well is not in question. If you wonder how this is so, on the simplified suspension, you should take into account Spen King's experience and enthusiasm. He once built his own racing car, made of miscellaneous Rover components, aided by his friend the late Peter Wilks, who was responsible for the successful Rover 2000, and George Mackie, an old Rover employee. Spen drove this car himself in club races, and with a three-litre engine it still goes uncommonly well in VSCC events, urged on by Frank Lockhart, a Rover dealer. There's nothing like a racebred motor car—and that you can say the New Rover 3500 is. Not only that, but Spen King was for many years Rover's turbine car king. So much so, in fact, that he still holds the 152 mph record in this class that he set for Rover in Belgium in 1952, over a flying kilometre of closed *auto-route*—the reason why they went to Belgium for it. King admits that the revised Rover 3500 is a car built round

computer knowledge. He admits honestly that he has had to re-think engineering methods that he applied to earlier Rover (and Range Rover) designs, before it became essential to cut the cloth according to the price it was politic to sell the finished product for. The result, is a fine, petrol-thrifty executive car, at a pleasing, modest price.

Rover is a fine old British name, very much associated with quality cars. The make struck a bit of a poor patch around 1933. But it was saved in the nick of time by a redesign, from which stemmed the great P4 range of four-cylinder and six-cylinder Rovers. Most of them had the overhead inlet/side exhaust valve engine layout then favoured by Rolls-Royce, high-built individualistic bodywork, and wood-cum-leather 'club' interiors. They were nice, cultured cars, quite deceptively quick in their later, overdrive, conceptions. They were lovingly labelled 'aunties' and there seems to be a fresh cult in them.

The 'auntie' image diminished with the brilliant new Rover 2000, especially when it became available in twin-carburettor form and was rallied. Then came that stroke of sheer

genius—scooping up the discarded General Motors' vee-eight power pack, from their compact-car venture, and using it in the Rover 2000 shell. A fresh concept of fast, small-dimensioned, not unduly costly British cars emerged, all in that very fine Rover tradition.

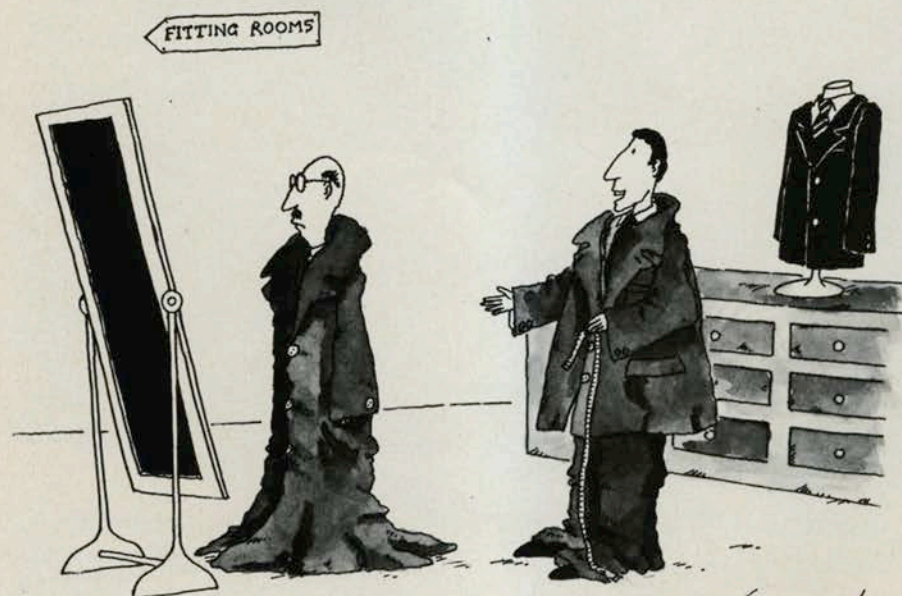
What Leyland has since done is to tailor that old 3500 to the price and mpg requirements of the 1970s.

How does it rate? On paper, fascinating. Just the car all flag-waving patriots must invest in. On the road, a really good motor car. Reservations, naturally, but this new Rover 3500 is a truly excellent motor car. Leather upholstery is an extra, however, which comes as a shock to Roverites of long-standing. David Bache, not wanting his smaller instruments to dazzle you, has buried them a bit deep, in the new instrument panel. The five-speed gearbox with its beefy short lever is good; but Ford would not have passed its not entirely smooth action. A central door-locking system puts this Rover at once into the snob's category—apart from which, this is mighty convenient. The five-door body, a top pace of 120 mph if you want it, step off in the order of 0-60 mph in 8½ seconds,

and a fuel consumption of better than 23 mpg in fast test trundling around, all put the £5,490 Rover into the £6,500-plus category, in my opinion. You can have electric windows and internally-adjustable door mirrors as extras and I bid you note that side-window demisting ducts, front and rear fog lamps, tinted glass, childproof locks, radio, mud flaps and an adjustable steering column are part of the *basic* package—I've not listed these in order of preference, as in a car quiz, nor is there need to, when they all come within the £5,490 deal. The ingenious new suspension is self-levelling, like that of a Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow, but using a simple hydraulic strut which I think Spen King discovered in Germany and first adapted for the V8 Range-Rover. All in all, the new Rover 3500 is quite a motor car...

Of course, in this game you keep your ear to the ground. Thus I am aware of certain unhappinesses centring around the car. Complaints, for example, of poor finish, of wind roar round the doors, and of a low rate of delivery of these cars from the new sunken (*not* shrunken) multi-million pound factory specially built at Solihull (home of the Rover) by British Leyland with our money for its production. This is a pity! Because for what it is worth, the Rover 3500 has been voted by a panel of international motor-writing writers to be the 'European Car-of-the-Year for 1977.' This was in competition with such challenging new models as BMW's 633 coupé, the Audi 100, and Ford's little Fiesta. But the Rover won, from the Audi, with the Fiesta judged third.

In making the Car-of-the-Year presentation in Rome, that very talented and quick-driving motoring journalist, Paul Frère of Belgium, reminded his audience that back in 1964 this award had been won by the then-new Rover 2000, and that the following year it went to the front-wheel-drive Austin 1800. Frère seemed content that the 1977 award had lodged where it has. He knows the engineering prowess of Spen King. Of David Bache's body styling, he said it is 'very good and functional,' reminding him of a Pininfarina concept, which 'can only be a compliment.'



'Well sir, I know you'll say I'm biased, but it looks perfectly alright to me.'



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Gliding to Battle

continued from page 91

with abandoned gliders. Bulldozers, flown in with the troops, were soon at work shifting debris from the ground and lengthening the strips for the arrival of the second wave of 68 Horsas and four Hamilcars. By the time the leading glider appeared, two strips 1,000 yards long had been cleared and illuminated by flares.

Huw Wheldon, later to achieve fame with the BBC, arrived in the second wave and recalls that his glider landed with all the elegance 'of an empty tin can'. Meanwhile, the glider pilots had formed themselves into 'John Force' – 93 men, occupied in the defence of the landing grounds. They were soon heavily engaged and an anti-tank crew with a six-pounder destroyed four of the five enemy tanks sent against them. This staunch defence of the fields allowed the major part of the glider force to land on the evening of D-Day.

A hundred and fourteen Horsas were in this landing and out poured the men of the 6th Airlanding Brigade together with others of the Armoured Reconnaissance Regiment. This landing was made under intense shell fire. The heavily laden Hamilcars presented their own problems on the densely packed landing strips. One slammed into a Tetrach that drove across its path, overturning the tank, but this was the only tank casualty during the landings.

The troops, tanks and guns that had been brought in by the gliders throughout D-Day had played a very significant part in the efforts to clear the eastern flank of the invasion and had relieved the pressure on the seaborne troops fighting their way up from the beaches. Behind the fledgling glider force was their first major test but ahead lay Arnhem and the Rhine crossing, both operations that would stretch their abilities to the full.

The Arnhem plan was probably one of the most daring put into effect by the Allies. At the beginning of September 1944, Montgomery's drive into Belgium was stalled and he proposed to regain the initiative with a powerful and decisive thrust through Holland and across the Rhine to turn the flank of the German frontier defences. The operation was called 'Market-Garden', 'Market' being the airborne part of the

operation and 'Garden' the armoured push to cross the Rhine. The plan was to lay an airborne 'carpet' before the advancing XXX Corps along a corridor more than 50 miles long, from the current Allied lines to culminate with the taking and holding of the vital bridges over the Neder Rijn at Arnhem and the railway bridge between Arnhem and Oosterbeek. The US 101st Airborne Division was to land north of Eindhoven to take and hold bridges in that area, while the US 82nd Airborne were to drop around Grave to hold the only high ground in the area as well as the bridges over the Maas at Grave and others to the north and west of Nijmegen.

The British 1st Airborne Division were given the task of taking and holding the most northerly objective – Arnhem. For such a vital operation as 'Market-Garden' the available resources were slender. Three lightly armed airborne divisions, an air-landing division and three infantry and one armoured division for the breakthrough. At a briefing with Montgomery, the dapper Lieutenant-General 'Boy' Browning saw the difficulties of the task that had been assigned to the airborne troops. They had to secure and hold a series of crossings, five of them major bridges across wide rivers, long enough for the mobile ground forces to fight their way through on their way to Arnhem. All the crossings had to be seized intact in order that the 1st Airborne could be relieved. He was uneasy and asked Montgomery how long the armour would take to reach Arnhem. 'Two days' was the short reply. 'We can hold it for four days,' replied Browning, 'but I think, sir, we may be going a bridge too far.' A remark that was to be prophetic.

For 'Market' more than 2,500 gliders were assembled at airfields all over England and, as the expected duration of the mission was only three days maximum, greater emphasis was placed on troop transport than on flying heavy weapons and equipment, a decision that was to prove a flaw in the planning. Another major mistake was the discounting of Dutch resistance reports that German troops were concentrating in the area. Just three days before 'Market-Garden' was due to start, General Student had reformed his 1st Parachute Army halfway between Arnhem and Eindhoven,

while in Oosterbeek, newly-appointed commander of German Army Group 'B', Field Marshal Model had established his headquarters. In addition, II SS Panzer Corps under Obergruppenführer Bittrich were in the vicinity for rest and refit after the Normandy battles and had tough and experienced divisions located north and west of Arnhem.

The odds were now heavily loaded against the success of the British operation for, by sheer coincidence, the Germans had in the immediate vicinity the ideal mix of troops and commanders to counter the airborne invasion. Student was an experienced leader of airborne troops and as such would be able to predict likely Allied moves. Model was a master of improvised defence, and the SS divisions had seasoned troops plus the kind of vehicles against which the airborne troops had the least defence.

'Market-Garden' began at 13:30 on September 17 as XXX Corps advanced behind a heavy artillery barrage. At Arnhem, the landing zones for the British troops had been designated between six and eight miles from the bridges, a decision born of necessity. The landings were to be made in daylight and thus the slow-moving columns of gliders and aircraft had to be kept clear of heavy flak around the city.

Four hundred and nineteen of the 454 British gliders reached the zones and, although some of them inevitably made poor landings, the casualty rate among the troops was relatively low. Amidst all the seeming confusion, one of the first to land, a man of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, struck up his regimental march, 'Blue Bonnets Over The Border' on the pipes and marched to and fro playing as Horsas and bullets whistled overhead.

The world had never seen an airborne invasion of such magnitude. Throughout 'Market' almost 14,000 troops were landed by glider. In addition, the gliders took in nearly 1,700 vehicles of one kind or another as well as almost 300 artillery pieces and 1,300 tons of supplies. The part played by the British and American gliders had been enormous but once on the ground the different standards of training of the pilots of the two nationalities began to show. The British Glider Pilot Regiment, once landed and their craft unloaded, took as great a part in the battle as did their infantry colleagues. The British pilots in the first lift formed a perimeter defence to safeguard the landing of the second lift and then fought with the King's Own Scottish Borderers before finally forming part of the defence for Divisional HQ and acting as guides for the subsequent escape of many of the trapped soldiers.

On the other hand, the Americans, it has been claimed, were detrimental to operations in their sectors. British doctrine meant there were an extra 1,200 highly trained troops on the ground, while the Americans had 1,700 bystanders. According to one of their own Generals, the American glider pilots 'frequently arrived without water or rations and became involved in small unit actions to an extent that

turn to page 115



MAYFAIR'S MOST EROTIC FILM YET

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Mandy Kuypers (right), holds warm memories for all who caught her 5 feet 6 inch, 37-24-36 in the centre of our Vol. 10 No. 6. Mandy came our way via the film *Percy's Progress*, in which she appeared, appropriately, as a beauty queen. Now Mandy strips again, in our sexiest, most erotic film yet. Dressed in a thigh-revealing, knicker-flashing leather mini, Mandy's a randy secretary whose boss just can't keep his mind on his work or his hands off the tight white knickers that scarcely conceal or constrain Mandy's mind-



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GLORIA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

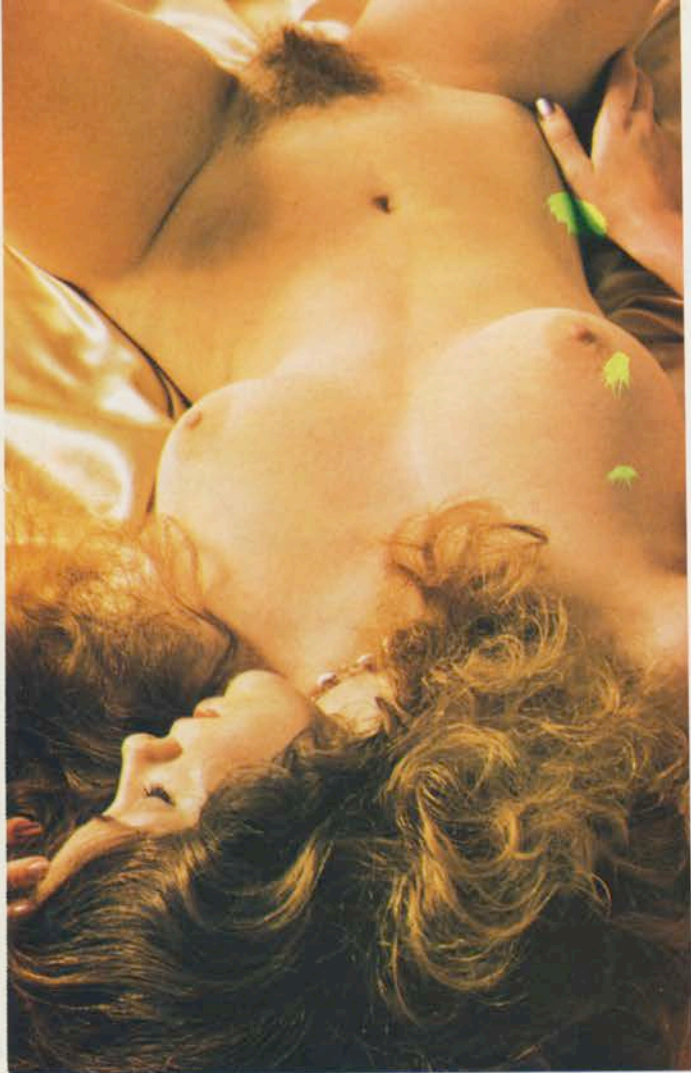
Cuddliness is a virtue that is traditionally reserved for the more bosomy of barmaids or the most obliging of mature women. It suggests not only ample acres of warmly rounded flesh but a cheerful and affectionate nature too. Twenty-one-year-old Gloria Digby qualifies on both counts. Her 5 feet 2 inches are crowned by a cascade of light brown tresses as curvy as her 36-25-36 inch figure and as bubbly as her hard-to-ignore personality. 'I'm not a pushy person,' she insists, 'but you usually know when I'm around.' What better quality is needed in a waitress in London's *Hard Rock* cafe in Piccadilly? Gloria makes a face. 'Much too



much competition; the other waitresses were so fabulous-looking, I felt like a lump. They took so much trouble to be really spectacular; half of them seemed to be out-of-work actresses or models. I only stayed about three weeks in the end. All I could talk about was Cardiff.' Cardiff College of Food Technology, that is, where Glòria recently completed a course in domestic science. 'I'm really a glorified cook – and not even very *cordón bleu*, though my final marks were very good. But I can teach and that's probably what I'm going to do.' The *Hard Rock* stint came during a long vacation – a breather from home in the Tunbridge Wells area.







'It's wonderful for the country pubs, especially in the summer when you can sit outside, but I've tended to lose track of old friends when I went away to college and I hate going in on my own.' Perhaps the fact that her current boyfriend lives in Cardiff has something to do with it. 'We have been quite serious,' she says, 'but it is my first important relationship and it would be very easy to rush into sharing a flat or even getting married. I thought we really ought to have a rest from each other for a while and see if it was really what we wanted. And unless something extraordinary happens we shall probably see each other later in the summer.' Does that make Gloria fancy-free? 'I might go out with someone, but I'm not a promiscuous person,' she confides. 'I knew girls at college who were and they got very bitter about men. I know what I feel is right; I don't mind waiting for it'.





Silk Cut King Size.

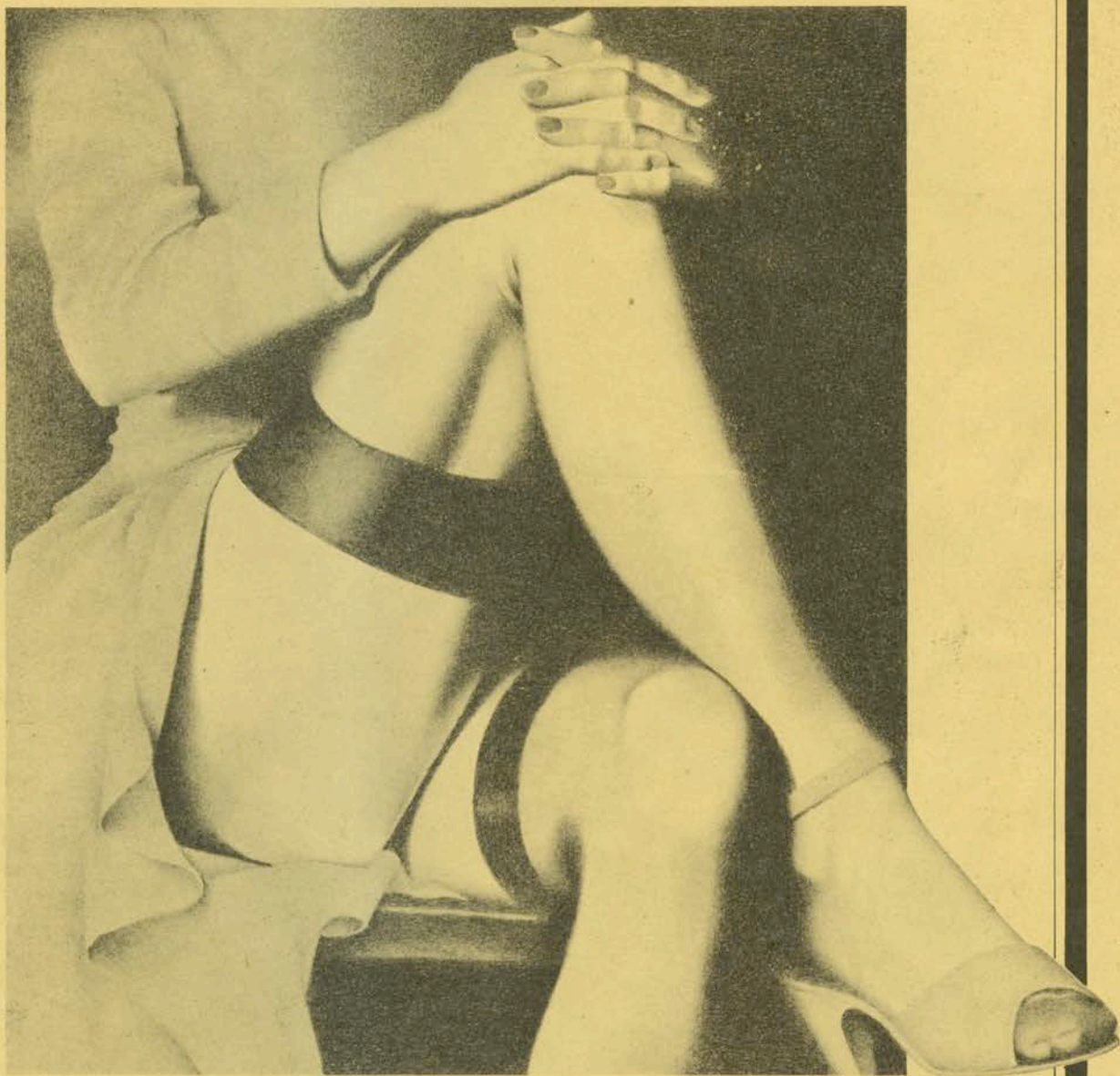


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QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Nine

A glance through a women's magazine will show the erotic appeal of underwear, both as a stimulus to the male and a discreet addition to the female sexual sense. Quest

this month looks at the way sexy lingerie can enhance a relationship, providing the 'excuse factor' that allows both partners to show hidden sides of their sexual natures.

INTRODUCTION

Lingerie, it appears, can be one of the most powerful, yet universally acceptable of sexual aids. Acceptable because girls wear underwear for excellent practical reasons, and it seems only an extension of their natural femininity to wear more attractive and appealing garments. But, as our interviews show, it can be a necessary chapter in a girl's sexual education to realise how erotic underwear can open the way to deeper and more powerful sexual feelings: enabling the girl to satisfy her own exhibitionist instincts and the man to act out feelings of erotic exploration and even a kind of mock 'rape.'

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One Window-dresser, blonde, single, 25 years old, town of origin Cheshunt

This interviewee moved to London over five years ago and has since worked in a number of shops and department stores. A bright, extroverted girl, she shares a large house with two other girls and three men.

Quest: I recall seeing some time ago a French film in which the actress Mireille Darc played a window-dresser who kept getting involved in some very erotic adventures. Have you had any similar experiences?

Window-dresser: I've never actually had any sexy happenings in the window. I don't think — (name of store withheld) would appreciate it if I did, but I have let myself be picked up by men who've seen me working in the window.

Quest: How many men?

Window-dresser: Just a couple.

Quest: Under what circumstances did they pick you up?

Window-dresser: Well it isn't that easy being chatted up through a plate-glass window. One chap wrote a message on a scrap of paper and held it up to the glass; the other went through an elaborate mime.

Quest: What did the message on the scrap of paper say?

Window-dresser: It was written very small, so I had to get really close to read it and he was holding it quite low so I had to bend down. He'd written 'I can now see right down your cleavage', which made me laugh. Below that, he'd written 'How about a drink after work?' He looked quite nice, so after another quick scribble I agreed. It was one of those times when appearances were totally misleading. He turned out to be a bit of a drag, I'm sorry to say. I had a drink with him and then made some excuse and left. It was a shame because I'd been quite impressed by his originality. The second one was better though.

Quest: The second man who picked you up while you were on the job, so to speak.

Window-dresser: Yes. I was doing an underwear display and he was standing watching me put stockings, bras and knickers on the

mannequins. I was a bit annoyed at first. It was about seven at night — getting a display together can take a bit of getting right — and owing to the fact that I'd had a very busy day, I was feeling a bit hot and niggly. I just noticed him out of the corner of my eye standing there watching. He smiled at me and I ignored him, which is the standard response because you tend to get all sorts watching you from time to time and you don't want to go encouraging them. He just wouldn't go away though. Just stood there, feigning huge interest in what I was doing. Then he started in mime to suggest which bits of underwear should go together. He had this fantastically mobile face like Marcel Marceau. As much as I tried to look angry I couldn't and in the end I just started laughing. What made it even funnier was that passers-by were giving him the oddest of looks as I suppose he must have looked quite loony. He stayed by the window until I left and when I came out of the staff entrance I wasn't too surprised to see him waiting for me.

Quest: Were you annoyed by his presumption?

Window-dresser: Not really. I mean if he'd looked like an archetypal d.o.m. I'd have given him the quick freeze treatment. As it was, he was smashing. His name was Nick and it came out over drinks in a pub that he was an actor, or as he put it a trainee spear-carrier. He was at drama school — in his final year. Hence the ability at mime.

Quest: It sounds as though you hit it off with him right away.

Window-dresser: I did. We sat in the pub and had a very fruity conversation about ladies' underwear, because he said he'd been quite turned-on by all the little bits and bobs that I'd been fitting onto the mannequins. He wanted to know whether I ever wore what I'd been fitting.

Quest: And do you?

Window-dresser: I wear stockings, but that's just for medical reasons, though of course I do realise that men go for them. If I wear tights I get thrush, so my doctor advised me to wear stockings. I can't be bothered to fiddle about with suspender belts, so I wear the self-support variety. I quite like them actually; there's something sexy about feeling the bare tops of your thighs rubbing together when you're walking.

Quest: Did you tell Nick you were wearing stockings?

Window-dresser: At the time I wasn't. I just had jeans and socks on. But I did tell him I wore stockings, yes.

Quest: What was his reaction?

Window-dresser: He grinned.

Quest: Nothing else?

Window-dresser: A dinner invitation.

Quest: Which you accepted.

Window-dresser: Yes. Because he was living on a student grant and fairly impecunious, we just went to a little bistro.

Quest: What did you talk about?

Window-dresser: Underwear. Heavens, this must all sound terrible. We did talk about other things too, but the subject kept on cropping up. It was quite funny really. I mean we'd be talking about something

totally unrelated and then he'd say 'Talking as one who is obviously deeply interested in politics, what colour knickers have you got on?' It probably all sounds rather childish in the cold light of day, but at the time we were both giggling like a couple of kids.

Quest: What happened after dinner?

Window-dresser: I went back to his flat.

Quest: And?

Window-dresser: I went to bed with him.

Quest: Did you need much persuading?

Window-dresser: None whatsoever. I can't stand all the hypocrisy that's attached to sex. I liked Nick, I fancied him and I wanted to go to bed with him. It was great.

Quest: How so?

Window-dresser: Well there's sex and sex, isn't there? With some men you get into bed, screw and then fall asleep. With others you have lovely sexy times and this was one of those times. We got into bed and started fooling around, you know, touching each other up and all that sort of thing. There's always this degree of hesitancy when you're in bed with someone for the first time, isn't there? We were just exploring each other's bodies. I was stroking his prick which was sort of semi-erect. I love them like that, I like to suck them and make them stiff.

Quest: And did you?

Window-dresser: Yes. We sixty-nined in fact. I more-or-less sat on his face before I started sucking him. It was gorgeous, feeling his tongue lapping at my clit. We were both turned-on by this so we fucked.

Quest: That sounds rather abrupt.

Window-dresser: Well it was in an odd sort of way. One moment we were both furiously licking each other, the next he seemed to be on top of and inside me. I had my legs wrapped around his back and he was going at me like a steam hammer. We both came in about three seconds flat. He flooded me, he really did. It was fantastic, all hot and animal. I like sweaty sex.

Quest: And the relationship continued?

Window-dresser: Oh yes, you bet.

Quest: In the same vein in which it had begun?

Window-dresser: With variations, yes.

Quest: What were the variations?

Window-dresser: Sexy undies, of course. I was spending three or four nights a week with Nick and he'd seen me in my hold-up stockings. We'd even made love with me wearing them. He said he loved to feel the nylon against his legs.

Quest: Did you mind?

Window-dresser: Not in the least. It turned me on to see him turned on. After a while I started bringing home things from work to wear in bed for him.

Quest: Such as?

Window-dresser: We started off with suspender belts and silk stockings which were his all-time favourites and then things like silk french knickers and bras — he liked those too, but not as much as stockings and suspenders. It got to the stage where I wore them almost all the time in bed. If I didn't wear them he'd make me put them on.

Quest: Was there ever the suggestion that he might not have been able to get an erection if you hadn't worn them?

Window-dresser: That's a good point. I

often thought about it, but I never brought the subject up. He was such a good lover that I didn't really mind doing this thing to please him. Don't forget that I quite liked wearing them too. It's just that . . . I don't know, he'd get quite ratty sometimes if I didn't have them on. One pair in particular which were silver lurex. God, he practically creamed on the spot the first night I wore those.

Quest: Go on.

Window-dresser: It was Nick's birthday, so I thought I'd give him a special treat. I saw these stockings in another shop actually, they weren't one of our lines. It was a place in Shaftesbury Avenue called Weiss. It's quite well-known for selling sexy undies. I kitted myself out to the nines. These silver lurex stockings, black silk suspender belt, a tiny little black G-string and a matching bra. It was exceedingly sexy. I took him out to dinner and then we went back to his place. I let him undress me and wow – you should have seen his reaction. I lay on the bed with my legs slightly open and this G-string thing . . . I mean it was just a string, it didn't hide anything between my legs at all. I could see this bulge in Nick's trousers, so I thought in for a penny in for a pound and opened my legs even further so the string cut right between my labia. I had to admire Nick as he must have exercised great self-control. He slowly got undressed and lay down beside me. He was huge. I'd never seen his prick quite as big. He eased my tits out of the bra and started to play with my nipples which made me go all shivery and wet. His hands seemed to be everywhere, one moment around my tits, next moment down below. He was finger-fucking me very slowly, just sliding in and out, building me up. The G-string was absolutely soaked. It was then that I felt him undo the ties at the side and take it off. He made me open my legs even wider so they were completely splayed out and then he started to fuck me. He kept stroking the stockings. I had my legs around his back by this time and I think he liked the rough feel of the lurex. It was great, really. While he was fucking me he slipped a hand under my bottom and started fingering my bum-hole. I half-thought he'd try and put his cock in there which quite excited me because nobody had ever done that before and it's also got the added spice of illegality, hasn't it?

Quest: True, and from what I gather, purely on hearsay of course, it hurts too.

Window-dresser: He didn't anyway. He just fingered me there. I wouldn't have minded if he had done though. But he kept his cock in my pussy until he was just about to come and then just as he did come he quickly pulled it out and came all over me. I love it when a man does that, I can't describe why, I just do. I was in heaven. It was the best screw I've ever had.

Quest: How big a factor do you think the lurex stockings were on this particular occasion?

Window-dresser: Nick said afterwards that he liked the rough feel. As I told you earlier, they became his favourites. I always wore them when either of us were

feeling particularly randy because they virtually guaranteed a good time.

Quest: And stockings still play an important part in your sex-life?

Window-dresser: Yes, but not with Nick. As it happens, I met someone whom I preferred. He goes for stockings too, but not quite as forcefully. As I said, I like them too and they can be a turn-on, but when they start becoming a bit of a fetish almost, I think that goes a bit over the top.

Quest: Thanks very much.

Two Cashier, 21 years old, dark-haired, town of origin Orpington

This interviewee, a girl who openly admits that until recently she was sexually naïve, works as a cashier in a London branch of National Westminster. She now lives in London and shares a flat with another girl. She is engaged.

Quest: Before you met Brian did you go out of your way to dress sexily in an effort to attract men?

Cashier: Good gracious no. As I explained to you earlier I was very naïve. Do you really want me to go through with this? It will be quite boring compared with your usual interviews.

Quest: Yes, please go on, I'm sure there's a story here worth hearing. What sort of underwear, for instance, did you dress in?

Cashier: Before Brian?

Quest: Yes. Too many girls take underwear for granted and don't realise its true potential.

Cashier: It certainly made its mark on Brian.

Quest: First things first. What underwear did you wear before Brian came on the scene?

Cashier: I hate to admit it but up to the age of twelve I used to wear a vest. I remember all the arguing I had to go through to get my mother into agreeing that I could have my first bra. I remember too the first day I got it – I was so proud I couldn't help wandering around school puffing my chest out to make full advantage of what little I had. I loved it then as I was the centre of attraction. I must have been the first or second girl in the class to have one. At gym lesson it was so nice as all the other girls would look on and be very envious of me. There were other girls in the class with bigger bosoms than mine, but the thing was that I had a bra whereas they had vests.

Quest: That was when you first became conscious of underwear?

Cashier: Yes I suppose so. It was the first time that undies had been anything other than something to take for granted. But I never really thought about undies again until after Brian came into my life.

Quest: You wore only regulation virginal white undies?

Cashier: To tell the truth, I didn't realise they came in anything other.

Quest: What underwear did you wear?

Cashier: I used to wear just plain bra and panties. Though once when I was about seventeen I wanted to look slimmer so I bought a corset – you know a bra and girdle combined.

Quest: A girdle. Surely there aren't all

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that many young women who wear girdles?
Cashier: I shouldn't think so. I gave it up as a bad joke in the end, I couldn't breathe in the darned thing so I went on a diet instead.

Quest: So when did your attitude to underwear change?

Cashier: The great undie revolution, if that's the right thing to call it, started with Brian.

Quest: Go on.

Cashier: I'd known Brian from the bank. He wasn't a workmate, he was a customer and he was very sweet-talking and very impressive.

Quest: How so?

Cashier: Well, when I used to cash his cheques he would pull out his wallet to get his cheque card and you couldn't help but notice that he must have been worth a bit.

Quest: Did you and the other girls talk about him?

Cashier: Good heavens no. You don't remember faces like that. I only noticed him because I thought he was quite good-looking, nice and chatty.

Quest: Did he ask you out over the counter?

Cashier: No. One night when it was my turn to work late, a couple of the other girls and I went down to the pub, which wasn't too far away, and he was in there with what turned out to be a couple of his workmates, they were playing darts.

Quest: Did you join them?

Cashier: No. We sat around a table, not far from where they were playing and watched. But then I had to go to the loo, and I got up and made my way to the ladies'. I bumped into Brian on the way back. He smiled at me and said something which got me engaged in conversation and then he offered to buy me a drink. I accepted and a short while after he came and joined my friends and I at the table as his chums had gone by then. Eventually we were the only two left and Brian asked if he could take me out at the weekend.

Quest: You agreed?

Cashier: Yes. I was a bit scared. I hadn't been out with too many boys before.

Quest: How old were you?

Cashier: I was nineteen then. Stupid isn't it?

Quest: No, I don't find it so. You seem a very sensible girl.

Cashier: For sensible read stupid eh? A virgin at nineteen.

Quest: I think they are more common than many people imagine. So you hadn't let any of your previous boyfriends go the whole way?

Cashier: No.

Quest: How far had you gone?

Cashier: I'd let boys kiss me and once I went to a party with Sally, she's the girl I share with, and I met a boy there I quite fancied. We danced and drank a lot together and at about two in the morning I was feeling tired and asked Sally if we could go home. It strikes me as odd now as we set off from the flat about half ten by bus - we didn't have a car - and Sally must have been thinking or at least hoping to find a boy as how did she think we'd get home after midnight? Sorry, I'm getting

side-tracked. So, when I looked a bit anxious, Phil - that was the boy I was with most of the time - said he'd drive me home. I told Sally, but she said I should go on myself, as she wasn't ready to go just yet.

Quest: So Phil drove you home?

Cashier: Well, he drove, but it wasn't to my home. He took me to his place.

Quest: Was that what you had in mind?

Cashier: No. Most definitely not. Well, perhaps I would have liked to find out about sex but not . . . I don't know to be truthful.

Quest: What happened?

Cashier: He practically dragged me out of the car, even though I was protesting, and took me into his flat. It was a bedsit actually and he sat me down on the bed and said he'd make some coffee. When he came back, he put the coffee on a table and put on a record. The next thing I knew he was on top of me, kissing me, forcing his tongue into my mouth. It made me gasp. It also made me feel very hot. My earlobes felt as though they were burning and my heart was going eight to the bar.

Quest: Did sexual intercourse take place?

Cashier: No. He kissed me and got me interested and put his hand up my skirt and gently eased my knickers down. He got inside my blouse and got it undone and pulled it back over my breasts and that's when I realised that if I was going to say 'no' I had to then and there.

Quest: And you did?

Cashier: I didn't need to because he started to laugh and when I asked him what he was laughing at he said 'what's all this?' meaning of course my underwear which, if I remember correctly, consisted of a pair of old school knickers and a full, matronly-type bra. I also had tights on and a second pair of knickers over them to stop the tights from sliding down. It must have been a sight!

Quest: But that's hardly anything to laugh at.

Cashier: That's what I thought and although I know in other circumstances I would have had a giggle myself - well at least I would if it happened now, but then again I wouldn't wear those undies now - I had a sudden change of heart and didn't want to go through with it and this incident provided the excuse I needed to stop things dead.

Quest: And he took you home?

Cashier: He tried a bit more but I got up from the bed and straightened my clothes and demanded that he take me home.

Quest: Now tell me about Brian. You went out with him that Saturday night.

Cashier: We had a really super time, I thought so anyway. It was good for a first date. We went out to a restaurant and then back to his place.

Quest: This time had you paid more attention to your underwear?

Cashier: Not that time. Underwear was still just underwear to me. I didn't dress up in anything special.

Quest: Had you decided that you'd let Brian make love to you?

Cashier: In a way. I did fancy him and I felt that at nineteen it was time that I lost

my innocence. But I didn't go out with him with the sole intention of losing my virginity.

Quest: So what happened when you returned to his place?

Cashier: We sat and talked for a while and then Brian produced a bottle of vodka and we got stuck into that. And then somehow the subject of underwear came up in the conversation. Oh, I remember. I think Brian and I were looking through a magazine or book, I'm not quite sure, and it contained what I thought were saucy pictures of girls in underwear. I must admit that I was intrigued by them. That was probably the first time I realised that underwear could be exciting.

Quest: The pictures aroused you?

Cashier: Not in the sexual way I think you mean, but in a way, like I explained, that made me think that I could look like that too, if I had some sexy undies.

Quest: What did Brian say?

Cashier: It's so hard to remember now but I think he said that he found girls' underwear very exciting.

Quest: Not wearing girls' undies himself I trust.

Cashier: Oh dear, I did say that wrong didn't I. Can you scrub it out?

Quest: What? His underwear. No, seriously, what was the outcome of the discussion?

Cashier: Brian revealed that he found black, brief underwear terribly exciting and that he loved it when a girl wore black bra and briefs and when he could see the bra's outline under a white blouse or something.

Quest: Did you find this strange?

Cashier: I was so inexperienced I had no reason to think it strange. If anything I thought how strange I was, for not knowing about such things.

Quest: But you wanted to dress up sexily?

Cashier: From that earlier time I suppose I had, but I just couldn't. It didn't seem right. I still thought that it was cheap for a girl to dress like that though I did quite fancy myself all dressed up in undies.

Quest: Did you have sex with Brian then?

Cashier: Yes. My first time. It wasn't anything special, not what I'd imagined at all.

Quest: And he excused you for your undies.

Cashier: I was so embarrassed I was just on the point of asking to be taken home. He'd said he found ordinary undies so off-putting that I didn't want him to see mine.

Quest: But he did?

Cashier: It got late and he said did I want to stay the night.

Quest: You agreed?

Cashier: I never got around to it. It's like all those things, one minute we were talking and the next we were kissing and he was running his hands all over me. I became so worked-up that I wanted him so badly. And then he suggested we go to bed and we did. I took off my skirt and blouse and just kept on my panties, bra and tights.

Quest: And you made love?

Cashier: He said that he loved me.

Quest: But you were determined to make a better impression next time?

Cashier: Nothing special had happened. Perhaps I was hoping for too much the

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THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Robert Chartham is the author of a dozen books on sexology with world wide sales of over 9 million translated into eleven different languages. He has been a sex counsellor for 40 years and has his own clinic in London, England, where he receives over 4,000 letters a year from all over the world. He also lectures on sexual psychology at many British Universities, has spoken on television in both America and Britain, and was the pioneer of sex education for teenagers in the U.K.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Chartham's interest in the possibility of increasing penile dimensions caused him to investigate such alleged methods as were already in existence. To this end he was able to call on the assistance of a number of men who have helped him in other experiments.

His initial research showed that the fantastic claims made by many of these methods were backed by no concrete evidence whatsoever and experiments proved them virtually useless. However, two methods did succeed in producing some improvement - the Magnaphall Course and the Vacuum Developer.

The improvements gained by the former were slight but permanent and also resulted in a much firmer erection.

The Vacuum Developer produced considerable improvement, but only of a temporary nature. Various models of these were tested but some were found to be positively dangerous in use, with the result that Dr. Chartham decided on one of his own design.

He next tested these two methods in conjunction with each other and achieved considerable success.

Further research additional improvements in order to combine them to the best possible advantage. The result was an entirely new method of penile development.

He then conducted controlled tests with 15 men of varying age groups. The following results are exactly as stated in his report.

"Of the 15 who took part, 3 were aged 21, 23 and 24 respectively; 4 were between 28 and 35; 5 were between 40 and 45 and 2 were 51 and 54 respectively. The 21 and 23 year olds added up to $1\frac{1}{4}$ " in length and $\frac{3}{4}$ " in girth. The 24 year old added 1" in length and just over 1" in girth. The 28s to 35s added between $\frac{3}{4}$ " and 1" in length and between $\frac{1}{2}$ " and $\frac{3}{4}$ " in girth. The 40s to 45s were within the same limits, though one added $1\frac{1}{2}$ " to length and an inch to girth. The 51 year old added $\frac{3}{4}$ " to length and an inch to girth, and the 54 year old put on $\frac{3}{4}$ " in length and just over $1\frac{1}{4}$ " in girth.

A latecomer to the tests was a man in his early 60s, whose measurements were already $6\frac{1}{2}$ " in length and 5" in girth, yet produced the surprising results of 1.3" in length and 0.7" in girth by the time all had completed the course, though he carried it out for one month less than the rest."

These results are even more amazing than at first appears.

First, there was not a single failure in any age group. Secondly, the increases both in length and circumference are quite remarkable when one considers them in perspective. To appreciate what an increase in girth of $\frac{3}{4}$ " means, take a tape measure and curl the end over to make a circle of $4\frac{1}{4}$ " (roughly average penis circumference) then move it out to $5\frac{1}{2}$ ". The difference in length can be shown by holding a ruler against the length of your own erect penis and imagining another 1" added.

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Q. Why should a man wish to increase the size of his penis, when all the books say that size doesn't matter?

A. It is a fact that the size of a man's penis does not physically affect his sexual performance or his ability to give satisfaction to his partner. Dr. Robert Chartham, has for over 30 years attempted to convince worried men that their feelings of penile inferiority were unfounded. However, of recent years he has come to the conclusion that, psychologically, the size of a man's penis is of vital importance to him and, that no amount of assurance will convince the underdeveloped man that he can be the sexual equal of his more well endowed neighbour. Neither is it possible to convince the average woman that a larger penis will not necessarily afford her more sexual enjoyment. The penis is the symbol of man's masculinity and any fears as to its dimensions being inadequate can be extremely damaging to his sexual confidence. On the other hand, the man who is well endowed in this respect has every confidence in his lovemaking.

Q. What does the Chartham Method consist of?

A. The Chartham Method consists of the course manual, containing detailed and illustrated instructions as to the exercises, manipulations and to the exercises, together with the Vacuum Developer, which is used in conjunction with these. There are no drugs or medications. The instruction manual has been written by Dr. Chartham himself in clear and concise language, making it simple for anyone to follow. The specially designed Vacuum Developer is made of clear material so that you can actually see the penis expanding during use. This model has been specially constructed so that no harm can be done to the penis by its use, according to the instructions. The course needs to be carried out for 12 weeks in order to obtain maximum results.

Q. How does the Chartham Method work?

A. Expressed as briefly as possible, the rationale of the Chartham Method lies in stimulating the circulation to increase the supply of blood to the genital region; in promoting the elasticity and expansive properties of the vascular tissue of shaft and glans; and in enabling the subject to achieve and maintain a normally involuntary muscle action.

Q. Are there any side effects to the Chartham Method?

A. Yes. Use of the Chartham Method invariably results in a stronger and firmer erection and the great majority of users report that they are able to hold an erection for longer periods than before taking the course.

Q. Is the Chartham Method suitable for me?

A. Yes, if you are in a reasonable state of health and wish to increase your penis dimensions. No, if you suffer from heart trouble or any condition whereby you cannot safely indulge in moderate exercise.

Q. What is the cost of the Chartham Method?

A. The total price is £10.00 including postage. All orders are dealt with by return post.

The instruction manual is printed in English, German, Italian and French.

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first time but I was determined that next time – if there was going to be a next time – would be different. And as I said I wanted to do it but up to then neither had the courage nor the knowledge to.

Quest: So you bought some sexy undies.

Cashier: I remembered Brian's infatuation with black so I bought a really tiny pair of briefs and a teeny-weeny black bra to go with it. The bra was about a half-cup and a lot of me showed. I also bought some dark brown stockings and a suspender belt.

Quest: Did you wear them the next time you and Brian went out?

Cashier: Yes. We went back to his place again and it was much easier the second time as we just started kissing the minute we got in and when he took my coat off I thought his eyes would pop because he could see that under my blouse I was wearing a wispy black bra. He muttered something like 'Corr, what a transformation' and went on fondling me, undoing the buttons of my blouse and getting his hands inside my bra. I stopped there and stepped back and took off my skirt and he was just about staring open-mouthed. I brushed past him and put my hand over his thingy and I had to gasp as it was so big. I didn't even realise a man could get so big so soon. He undid his fly and brought it out. I moved away from it but he took hold of my hand and put it on his thingy and then dragged me to him, almost devouring me. His thing was so thick and much bigger than I remembered and was all pink with this enormous red bulb and blue veins.

Quest: What did he do then?

Cashier: He sat down on the bed and got me to stand in front of him facing me in my undies and made me continue rubbing his thing. I thought it was fun because he was getting so excited and as far as that goes I was too. Then I felt him stiffen and his thing started pumping all over me.

Quest: But you had proper sex?

Cashier: Yes we made beautiful love that night and I had my first orgasm.

Quest: And you still wear sexy underwear now?

Cashier: Oh yes, I love it because it makes Brian so randy, even after all this time. Sometimes he even makes me keep my stockings and suspenders on while we're doing it.

Quest: But if it hadn't been for that chance remark by Brian do you think you'd be so turned-on by undies as you now are?

Cashier: Probably not. But I'm glad. I feel a very sexy woman now, knowing that what I'm wearing can turn my man on so.

Quest: And others. Thank you very much.

Three Fabric Design Student, 20 years old, brunette, town of origin Weymouth

This interviewee, an attractive and independent girl, had been brought up by her widowed father who spent much of his time abroad on business. During his absences she lived with her sister and her husband, with whom she was staying when the interview took place. She studied at a nearby technical college.

Quest: Actually you surprised me by turning up. When we first talked I had the

feeling this chat didn't impress you very much. Did you think I was trying to get off with you?

Student: I thought you were at least going to ask me to take my clothes off.

Quest: Don't let me stop you. Have other people ever asked you?

Student: Yes, lots of times. From the photography courses, mainly. I tell them to piss off.

Quest: That must go down well. What about professional photographers?

Student: You know, I told you. The frilly corset man, Alan.

Quest: The man who saw you in the college rag? The one who liked you in corsets?

Student: Mmmm. He saw me in this frilly eighteenth century get-up. We had a sort of revolution theme – like the Paris mob.

Quest: Tell me about Alan?

Student: He was just taking pictures when we were going through the town. I thought he was with the paper, I suppose; but he was some kind of freelance. And he cottoned onto me.

Quest: He asked you to pose for him?

Student: He said he'd pay. I don't get very much grant because Dad's so well off, not that I ever see much of his riches.

Quest: It was purely financial.

Student: He wasn't bad, as a bloke. I like creative people. I didn't mind.

Quest: So you expected he'd ask you to pose nude?

Student: I thought he'd get around to it. Most men are interested in what I've got.

Quest: You sound almost bitter.

Student: No, I don't mind at all. They should get stuck in, that's what I do. If I don't like anyone I tell them to piss off.

Quest: I'm just trying to establish why you should agree to pose for a comparative stranger. Was it because you fancied him, or do you like showing off your body?

Student: No. I'm quite shy, really. No one believes me. At least I'm too sort of bilowy to get roped in for the student fashion shows. That's murder. My sister used to do that. She's got good bone structure, in her face, but her body's a bit flat; her bum is pear-shaped. Not that that stops her getting a kick out of flashing herself. I can't stand just being gawped at; I need to do something.

Quest: Your sister likes to be watched?

Student: She is definitely the weird side of the family. I'm two years younger than her and I'm getting on for my dozen...

Quest: You've slept with a dozen men?

Student: More or less – I mean I've only, actually, slept with about two. The rest weren't important.

Quest: Go on.

Student: Shirley was practically virginal when she got married, but she's had a much stranger time than me.

Quest: In what way?

Student: She told me an incredible thing once, when we went on a touring holiday in France, just before she got married. We got pissed on some horrible vin blanc in our hotel – I don't think she'd ever have told me otherwise.

Quest: Told what?

Student: How she'd seduced this little kid

at school, when she was in the sixth form – she's always been better at exams than me. The fellow was in the fifth form, and he wasn't spotty or nasty like the rest of them – I remember quite fancying him myself, but he left school before I got to know him properly. I might have straightened him out a bit.

Quest: Did he need straightening?

Student: He always used to be mooning about Shirl, who was quite good-looking then, even in school clothes which takes quite a bit and she just used to laugh about him. But one day, apparently, she caught him flashing at her.

Quest: What happened?

Student: Nothing then. She picked him up at the next school dance and took him home – that was when Dad was away and I was on a school trip.

Quest: And she seduced him there?

Student: Well, yes and no. She stripped off in front of him. She made it very slow and sexy. This was in the living room, by the way. And the kid just sat there, squirming in embarrassment and growing this bloody great horn, till she ended up starkers, sprawling in the chair opposite him.

Quest: He didn't try and touch her?

Student: Oh, she wouldn't let him. That was the whole point. Shirley invented prick-teasing; it's a fine art with her.

Quest: She had sex with him?

Student: Oh no. They ended up both starkers, and she got him to jerk himself off. She was sitting opposite him with her legs wide apart. And she only pecked him on the cheek afterwards. She said she found it fascinating; she'd never seen a man do that before. I thought that was incredible.

Quest: You've never wanted to do the same?

Student: Only out of curiosity, as a joke really. This boy I knew and I were in the park one day in the summer and he jerked himself off under a newspaper; there were dozens of people about. I just wanted to see if he could, and it was great seeing him so incredibly happy. But it didn't drive me mad, like it did Shirley. I feel sorry for Nigel, her husband; he must be weird too.

Quest: So you'd have preferred Alan to try straight sex if he was going to try anything?

Student: Of course; it's so nice and I'm very good. It takes me about an hour to get bored, generally; the only time I've really gone on longer was with this fairly old bloke – he must have been nearly forty – and I got incredibly sore. Most of the kids at college are useless.

Quest: So you looked forward to Alan?

Student: He was about mid-thirties, I suppose; I thought something would happen.

Quest: And did it?

Student: The first time, hardly at all. He came over one Saturday and took some pictures of me in the park. I was wearing jeans and I suppose he'd expected something dressier. I don't know. But it was alright. He didn't leave till quite late. I thought of asking him to stay because I didn't expect Shirl and Nigel back till nearly morning; but we just kissed. He was very gentle. I thought that was nice. Then he said he'd like to do some studio shots,

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because he lived about thirty miles away, so the next weekend I went over there.

Quest: And?

Student: He had a beautiful place, a sort of converted barn, like a gigantic bed-sit, with all the lighting stuff up one end.

Quest: You expected to stay?

Student: I had my tooth brush. I didn't say so. The first thing he asked me to do was undress.

Quest: What did he do?

Student: He went into his darkroom to get some equipment. He was explaining, he wanted to do some historical pageant sort of pictures for a magazine and when he'd seen me in my costume he'd thought I was ideal, and we'd probably make a lot of money out of it, and he had about four costumes he wanted me to try on for him. It seemed like a lot of fun; better than prancing around in the park.

Quest: What happened then?

Student: We took pictures for a long time with me in about three of the costumes, mostly against bits of furniture he found and by the window and an old four poster.

Quest: You were fully clothed all the time?

Student: He'd always be loading his camera when I changed. I wasn't really stripped off at any time; he did ask me to leave my bra off, but he didn't gawp at me.

Quest: What were the dresses like?

Student: Big, floppy, flowing things; there was a peasantry one I quite liked and an eighteenth century one like my rag effort and a kind of flowing Elizabethan thing. The quality was quite good for props. They were all tight over my boobs – that's why he didn't want my bra on.

Quest: Did you get any sexual reaction from him?

Student: He was obviously excited – it was all quite good. I don't mean he had a great horn on; he was just enjoying himself. So was I.

Quest: Were you disappointed he didn't make a pass?

Student: It's not up to me, is it? We just took pictures.

Quest: But you did want him to make love?

Student: It would have been nice. I thought he wasn't going to, until he got out this old Victorian get-up.

Quest: That was particularly sexy, was it?

Student: Quite sexy, I suppose. No, really, I was changing and he'd gone into a little storeroom at the back and I'd sort of forgotten about him for a moment – I was staring out the window, dreaming – and suddenly he was standing there, and I realised I only had my knickers on and half a stocking. Something stupid like that. My boobs were all bare. I remember blushing like mad and grabbing the costume he'd brought me. He just grinned. You see, I am quite shy underneath.

Quest: He didn't react at all apart from grinning?

Student: Not obviously. I felt all shivery and a bit silly. I don't mean turned on; just a bit vulnerable, I suppose.

Quest: What was the new costume like?

Student: Oh, incredible. The whole Victorian bit, right to this agonising corset – you needed a degree to get the bloody

thing laced up properly and he insisted I did every lace and button of the thing. I got quite annoyed about that. And it was so hot with the petticoat and the top dress over it all. No wonder Queen Victoria was in such a foul mood most of the time. We took pictures of that for ages, and then when I thought I was really just going to walk away he wanted me to take off the top dress and leave the petticoat, but loosen the corset over my boobs. And I thought, 'Hello, something's going to happen.'

Quest: But you were pleased?

Student: I wanted something to happen. And he went on snapping again and saying things like, 'Fantastic! Gorgeous!' and getting quite worked up. Then he wanted me to stand by the bed and drop the petticoat over my shoulders gradually, until it cut right down in a vee over my boobs – I still had the corset on. Then he said, 'Can't you make yourself stand out a bit more?' And I pushed my chest out and puffed up the front of the corset but he insisted on lifting the petticoat at the back and tightening the laces, which nearly killed me. After some more pictures it still wasn't tight enough and he pulled the laces again and that nearly made me faint. I was practically bursting out of the top of the thing – the material was strained so bloody tight and one of my nipples had squeezed over the hard edge of the bra bit, so that hurt. But he kept saying, 'Just one more picture.'

Quest: So you didn't mind?

Student: I didn't like being uncomfortable. But he was so obviously enjoying himself; all hot and bothered. And he was snapping away until he was practically on top of me; I couldn't move any further back because of the bed; and he was saying, 'Great, great, you look absolutely fantastic,' and then he was kissing me. I thought he'd take his time, but it was quite an original kind of approach – to me, anyway; and he really was turned on by then. I could feel his rod down the side of his thigh sticking into my tummy, and I held his hips – he was very skinny, with a lovely hard bum – and I just moved my hand round onto his bump and rubbed him, very gently, but almost at once we were on the bed. All I remember then is the usual scramble for clothes – I had to practically peel his jeans off and he was wearing these awful white Y-fronts, like schoolboy's; but he had the most gorgeous prick. Not especially long, but quite thick. Then he was pulling the petticoat over my head and peeling off my stockings – actually it would have been quite funny if it hadn't been so urgent. Then he loosened the top of the awful corset, which was all I had left on, and sort of plucked out my boobs, one by one, and kissed them like birds – that was really gorgeous. But when I thought he was going to loosen those horrible laces, he started kissing me all over my neck and shoulders and arms, so I couldn't do anything, and pushing his fingers between my legs.

Quest: You didn't ask him to take off the corset?

Student: I didn't want to. Not the first time. People can turn funny if you're not careful. And by then he was petting quite

heavily – I was very damp – and he found my thing, my clitoris very quickly and started stroking me, and then kissing and sucking it. He was very good; I just lay there stroking him and feeling him touch me and just letting my fingers touch his penis – he didn't jerk away like a lot of men because they're afraid they'll come; I remember I was absolutely mad for it a long time before he was ready – I practically begged him to fuck me and I'm not usually like that with someone new – I think I nearly pulled him on top eventually. But he kept pushing back my arms, until I stopped grabbing at him, and then very gently he opened my legs and just let me lie back on the bed, wide open, and wait for him. And he slid his prick ever so slowly up the side of my thigh, so that I was nearly screaming for it by the time he reached the important bit. I had a little orgasm just as he touched my lips, and then almost came completely when he pushed the top of his thing just inside. But then the bastard jerked it out again and I remember grunting – it was absolute sweet agony – I could have killed him and eaten him at the same time. Then he came in again, very gently and gradually, slipping backwards and forwards as he moved; then almost right out and back again, right up to the hilt, and then he rode me and rode me as if his life depended upon it. It was really lovely – beautiful. It was only a pity it couldn't have gone on like that. There's always something to mess up something really nice.

Quest: You mean the corset?

Student: I didn't notice I was still wearing it until I'd come out of drowsiness and I asked him to help me off with it, but he kept making excuses, that I looked so nice in it. But I felt silly half dressed and with my boobs sticking out like two huge balloons – they're big enough as they are. And eventually he let me get undressed properly, and we made love again – much more gently.

Quest: But he didn't forget about the corset?

Student: He wanted me to wear it again next time I saw him which was silly because we'd done all the pictures but I let him fuck me while I was wearing it again. It was leaving these great red marks on me by then. That was when I was staying for the weekend. The rest of that day, the Saturday, he said he wouldn't ask me again; but on the Sunday evening he produced this tiny wired bra thing which made my boobs stick up like mountains, and I tried that on because he wanted me to and instantly we started to screw again, and I suddenly twigged it wasn't me he was plugging away at, it was his bloody erotic underwear. And that was the end of it.

Quest: You didn't see him again?

Student: A couple of times, but it petered out. He was a nice bloke, I suppose, but I didn't see why I had to be uncomfortable just so he could have a good time. Perhaps I'll introduce him to Shirley – she'd put on anything, but I don't think he'd get much else for his money.

Quest: Thank you.

Gliding to Battle

continued from page 98

satisfied their passing curiosity, or simply left to tour nearby towns.

On the face of it, 'Market-Garden' was a defeat for the British airborne forces, albeit a glorious defeat. In fact there were many side benefits achieved by the landings. For some time the Germans had hoped to establish three successive lines of defence on the Maas, the Waal and the Lower Rhine and they were starting to do this when the Allied troops landed. In the space of a few hours, their plans for a stiff defence of the Reich crumbled beneath a shower of nylon parachute canopies and plywood gliders and with one push, the Allies had moved almost 60 miles closer to Germany. Within a week we had secured all the bridges over two of the three rivers and had a base from which to launch further offensives.

The 1st Airborne Division in Arnhem had seized and held the main bridge for three days and had maintained a defence line north of the river for nine days, forcing the enemy to devote enormous resources to their removal. In addition, operation 'Market-Garden' had provided a fund of knowledge and experience for future glider operations. The Glider Pilot Regiment had played a very large part in the stand made by the 1st Airborne Division and, without their help, the escape of so many paratroopers would have been impossible.

All doubts had now been removed among

the Allied planners about the effectiveness of glider-borne assaults and various operations were planned to help speed the end of the war with Germany. In fact there was to be only one more major venture, operation 'Varsity' an auxiliary tactical part of the planned Rhine crossings. This great river provided the Germans with one final natural line of defence, behind which they could be expected to mass all possible resources for a determined stand liable to prove costly to the Allies.

The crossing of the Rhine was intended as a three-phase campaign and 'Varsity' was to assist the British 2nd Army to cross at Wesel. It involved landing 17,000 glider troops and paratroopers as well as thousands of tons of supplies and armour behind the enemy lines. All this had to be accomplished in just four hours. The troops were to land some four miles behind the lines to secure the commanding Diersfordter Wald. Although only 100 feet higher than the Rhine itself, this patch of woodland was the highest point near the river and as such had to be denied to German artillery observers if the amphibious crossing was to be made in anything like safety.

More than 1,500 powered aircraft, many of them towing two gliders, took off on March 21, 1945

For the British contingent, a fleet of Stirlings, Halifaxes and C-47s towed 381 Horsas and 48 Hamilcars into the air from airfields in East Anglia, while from airfields in France the Americans took off

simultaneously. Above the slow-moving columns, more than 1,000 fighters provided cover. Of the British gliders, ten were shot down and another 284 damaged by flak but they landed well over 3,000 troops and vast quantities of material such as Jeeps, guns and even bulldozers. 'Varsity' was a great success although casualties among the troops had been high.

It was the last major use of gliders in war. They had proved their value; they could land in terrain and in weather conditions that would have precluded parachutes and the glider-borne troops had been able to get into battle faster and with more liberal supplies of ammunition than could their comrades landing by parachute. The gliders themselves had proven to be, when released at the correct altitude, difficult targets for enemy gunners. With the end of the war in Europe came the end of the glider as a weapon, the last craft disappearing from British service in the late 1940s. The low-cost, silent and effective glider has been largely replaced by the noisy, vulnerable and very expensive helicopter.

Of the many thousands of gliders that were built during the war, few relics remain today. At Aldershot there is a Horsa cockpit and at Middle Wallop there is a replica of part of a Horsa fuselage. These and a few fragments of plywood and tubing probably to be found rotting in fields in Holland and Germany are all that remains of the aircraft that formed the greatest flying armadas the world has ever seen. 

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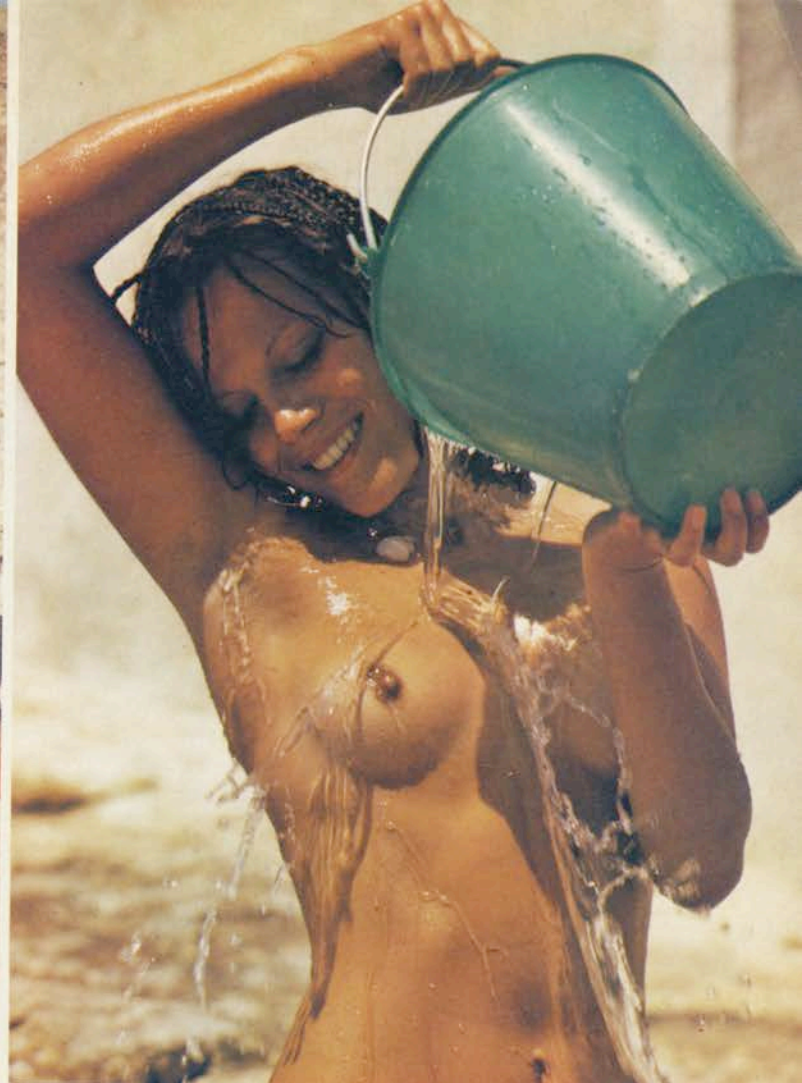
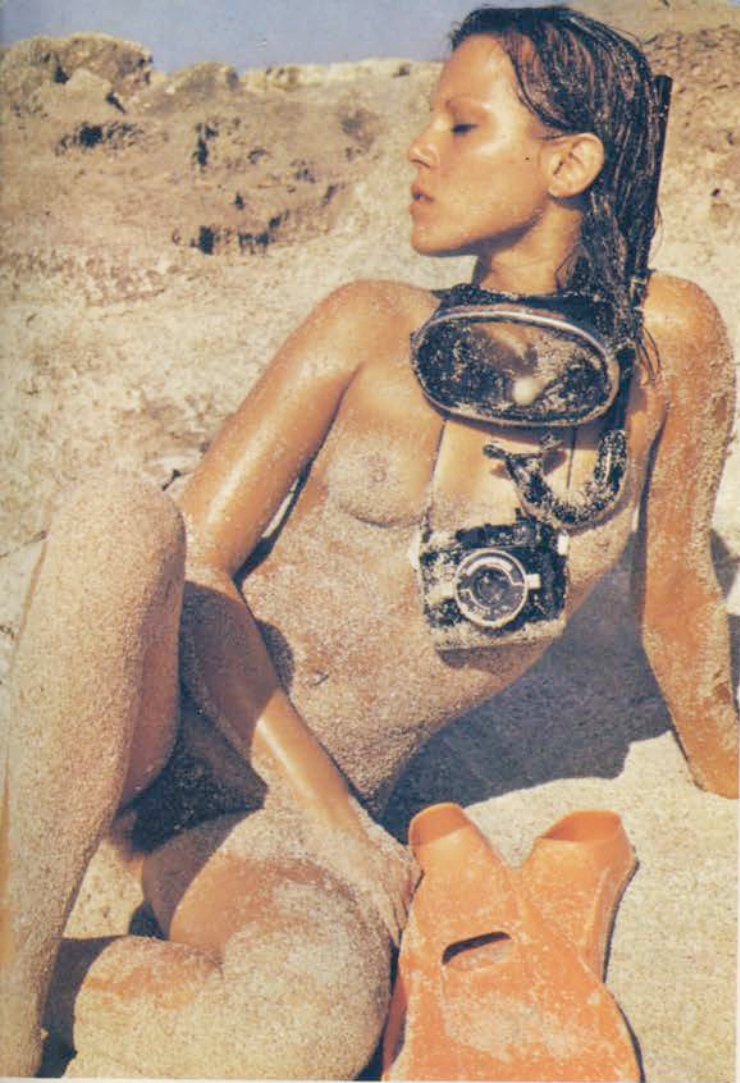


JENNY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEAN-LOUIS SAUVERZAC

Jenny Waterman sits quietly at her table behind the dark glass fronting of Wolsey's Wine Bar and gazes through the battling taxis and buses outside in Fleet Street. Then the sudden wail from the siren of a passing

police car brings her down to earth. She chuckles, her 36 inch breasts — ably supported by 24 inch waist and 36 inch hips — jiggling in their unrestrained state, the hint of pert nipple just visible through a





flimsy top, 'Look at that building over there – The Lord's Day Observance Society – and it's all closed up and empty. Does that mean they don't observe it?' she adds, revealing an effervescent humour which contrasts with her wide-eyed innocent looks. Jenny, 21, lives and works as a secretary in sunny Bournemouth. 'I don't like London at all,' she confesses, 'too noisy and smelly. I love the sea, even on a cold winter's day I enjoy putting on an old pair of jeans and a top and just going walking along the sands, getting drenched. It's so invigorating. Besides it's so very pretty down there. I also go cycling in the New Forest. With pubs like the *Cat and Fiddle*. It's just great!'







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LETTERS

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we never wanted children. At first the pill solved that problem but I didn't want to keep on it too long. So, I went to a private gynaecologist who agreed to sterilise me.

The operation was done on a Saturday afternoon at a private clinic and my tubes were sealed through a very small incision just below my navel. I hardly noticed any discomfort but had two very heavy periods shortly after. The stimulus of my sterility made me very randy and my orgasms became noisy and very vigorous.

Our marriage is very permissive and both my husband and I enjoy sex with other partners. This is why he decided to be 'done' about six months after me. He had his vasectomy under local anaesthetic and the effect was to make him bruised and his balls were very tender for at least a month after the operation. When he had healed, his scrotum was much tighter than before and his balls are now lifted quite a bit. But he finds he is randy too. We have joyful noisy sex very often and we are a popular couple at parties and on weekends. Everyone we know realises we are both sterile and there are none of the awful hang-ups about unwanted kids and messed-up relationships.

So I recommend sterilisation for both husband and wife when they are sexually lively and fed up with contraceptives.

B J, Balham, London SW12

How about a Birds of the Decade feature? I have subscribed to *Mayfair* for nearly eight years and although I have my own favourite girls I am interested to learn which girls have been the greatest successes in your opinion. My own favourite is one of the more recent girls, namely Anthea Parks-Evans who appeared in Vol 11 No. 6.

S C, Tonbridge, Kent

Where were you S C when we presented our Dollies of the Decade feature in Vol 11 No 9?

I normally enjoy the motoring articles in *Mayfair*, but am left with the feeling that the caption-writer for the article 'All Wheels Go' in Vol 12 No 3 suffers from similar complices with regard to the power of



these vehicles as most of your correspondents do with regard to the size of their organs.

P J Ward, Shepherdswell, Kent

Touché. We talked of a 2,500 bhp instead of 250 bhp.

As a volunteer firefighter in Thorold, Ontario, Canada, the feature on vintage fire engines in Vol 11 No 8 was of great interest to me. I am a member of Protection Hose Company No 1, which was founded 124 years ago, 15 years before Canada became a country.

Our drill uniforms are similar to those on page 60 and the helmets are the same with one exception - ours are chrome plated. Our helmets were purchased in England in 1928 and as we are now buying new drill uniforms, we are attempting to find out if the helmets are still produced.

It was mentioned in the feature that there are organisations such as the Fire Service Preservation Group, the Historic Vehicle Club, and the Fire Brigade Society who are actively engaged in the preservation of the firefighter's glorious past. It would be appreciated if these organisations could help in any way, or indeed other readers.

M A Woodhouse, Historical Committee Chairman, Protection Hose Company No 1, c/o 61 Chapel Street, South, Thorold, Ontario, Canada

My appearance in Vol 12 No 2 caused quite a stir in the village where I live, so much so that I found myself receiving front page coverage in the national press.

For several days I was the main topic of conversation - a minority of housewives created a mountain out of a mole-hill

situation and I was their scape-goat.

On the other hand most accepted the affair in good humour and I received many congratulations on my first modelling assignment. However, I was verbally banned from my local, and one sick person went to a great deal of trouble daubing my house with obscene slogans. Personally, I found the *Mayfair* photos elegant and artistic, and I can not comprehend why several people took such a dim view of the situation.

Sheila Hopkin, St Athan, Wales

Readers' letters indicate that it wasn't only in St Athan where Sheila, left, created a stir. Many readers wished that other village girls with mind-boggling figures would follow Sheila's lead.

After being a number one fan of Sylvia Kristel and seeing her in *Emanuelle* and *Emanuelle 2* and, of course, her not-so-popular film *Julia*, I wondered if she has made any other films. And another actress who did impress me was Marika Green who played Bee in *Emanuelle*. Has she been in anything else?

P Thomas, Port Talbot

Film Critic Gerald Cole believes that although Sylvia Kristel starred in a number of Dutch films, none has been shown in this country. Marika Green is a model, but at the time of writing had not starred in any film on general release.

I write in praise of your series of photographs featuring 'barely sixteen', Sally Ball. Roy Brewington excelled himself in the composition and choice of photographs of an extremely beautiful and comely girl - a joyous sight to behold.

R H, Ealing, London W13

In the time I've lived in England, Kenya and Denmark, I have considered *Mayfair* to be the best men's magazine on the market. I still do and probably always will - and that's saying something. However, that does not leave you free of criticism. My complaint? Wasting valuable centrespread space in Vol 12 No 3 on a very plain and ordinary young woman just because she happens to be sixteen years old. I refer, of course, to Sally Ball, who

turn to page 125

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LETTERS

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apart from being young doesn't, for my money (and *Mayfair* costs the equivalent of £1.50 here) have much else going for her. According to the centrespread, and indeed in a couple of other shots, the young lady would appear to have some very unfortunate marks across her breasts, but possibly I am being unfair and that those marks are due to poor photographic processing. I would much rather have seen cover girl Kim MacBryde given the star treatment.

J M I, Glostrup, Denmark

My husband and his friend go to watch football every Saturday in the season and leave us women at home. So, one Friday Sally (that's my husband's friend's wife) and I decided that we would accompany our husbands the following day. As it turned out to be a nice day we decided to wear skirts. When we arrived, the ground was beginning to fill up so we went to a crash barrier. The men leant against the barrier with their backs but Sally and I went the other side and leant towards it. The match was about ten minutes old when I told Sally I was bored as the men were not speaking to us. Just then, about ten young men came and stood beside us, very close. I was beginning to enjoy the feeling of the crush and I looked at Sally who seemed very happy. At half time my husband asked if I was enjoying it and I said I was – the men not the match. In the second half I felt a hand slip between my legs. I was very wet and wanted sex but could do nothing. Then whoever-it was pulled the top of my tights so I moved to help him, still holding onto the barrier with my hand. He pulled the tights down over my wet knickers enough to enable him to finger me. But just then I felt something else – the young man was right up me. He only gave me a few pumps before he came. As I looked at Sally she smiled as she was also getting shafted.

Mrs I S, Jedburgh

I have been pleasantly pleased at the palatable photographs of feminine pulchritude in your publication. However I have a hankering

to harass the hack who's haughty hebetic attitude towards hedonism has caused the horrendous attack of the hideous airbrush. This crass culprit considers camouflaging a woman's captivating crevasse as correct, conservative, and at best coquettish. Save us from this sophomoric sot (and perhaps this soporific symposium). Here is a simple suggestion to solve this situation. Why not merely move the models members in order to merge the melanism into the murky shadows of a muscular thigh? This seems more meritorious. Simply put, kindly keep it clear (and a knockout) or keep it covered (killjoy).

W C, (address withheld)

I've read *Mayfair* for many years but I feel that recently the quality of your pictorials has fallen below the standard of the rest of the magazine. Quite often in 'Scene' you sing your own praises – and quite rightly so, you're still the best men's magazine on the market – but I am prompted to write on your comments in 'Scene' of Vol 12 No 3. Commenting on Mintel's survey of men's magazines, you say 'we prefer the type of girl photograph that allows the girl to retain her mystery and to leave something to the imagination.' I'm sure most readers would agree that the quality of *Mayfair* would be improved rather than spoilt, by publishing pictures of girls as they are,

rather than spoiling the photograph by resorting to that horrible Edwardian airbrush. It seems also that in an effort to show more girls per issue you've cut down on the coverage of each girl – for instance, only four pages of the beautiful Melanie of Vol 12 No 3. But apart from those two points it seems almost impossible to further improve *Mayfair*.

D A L, London NW6

I am writing from the US and want to lay everything on the line. The girls you show are the greatest, enough said. The Hermes Partnerkatalog which you advertise is full of real addresses and not dummy ones like some of the other correspondence organisations use.

I have received replies from several of the women and they must be very beautiful and well-educated to write such charming letters from the East and Latin America.

D B, Omaha, Nebraska

There has been much discussion on sex in schools, especially public schools. Every editor in the glamour magazine business seems to have this great thing on all boarding school pupils being perverted and sex-mad, just like the various chroniclers of the sixteenth century who, in an attempt to get the monasteries abolished, publicly announced that all convents

and monasteries were sinful places. In both cases these reports are biased and untrue. Admittedly, there are the occasional instances when malpractices occur and when these happen they get overpublicised and exaggerated. I am in my fourth year here and there have been no occasions when anybody has been accused of being a homosexual or having it off. Some boys are expelled but that's usually for smoking or drinking. The drug scene has left schools, temporarily at least, and therefore those hell-raising days of the sixties are practically non-existent.

Girls' public schools still have a high expulsion rate, but the teachers are much more strict. Girls too are expelled mostly for smoking and drinking. Lesbianism is non-existent or is kept very quiet.

Before readers criticise me I would remind them that I know what I'm talking about. So, next time you publish stories about boarding schools and how each day marks a girl losing her virginity you better tell the reader that it's fiction, because we at public school just won't believe you.

However, we still think *Mayfair* is marvellous and that your stories about sexual experiences at public school are good reading but please don't exaggerate it.

J O S, Bradfield College, Nr Reading, Berks

While reading a back issue of *Mayfair* – I consider it the best magazine money can buy – I came across a letter from R A Scott of Hexham (Vol 11 No 10) in which he placed his five favourite girls in order of merit. So, with this idea in mind I decided to do the same, but I took it a little further and with all twelve issues that I own I took all eighty four girls featured in them and placed them in my own order of merit, starting with first, Anita Fredin (Vol 11 No 1); second Jane Wye (Vol 11 No 10); third, Sylvia Drayton (Vol 10 No 11); fourth, Ava Cadell (Vol 10 No 7); and fifth, Penny Matthews (Vol 11 No 4). So far, in eighty fourth position I have Claudette Durity (Vol 10 No 12).

Also, like Mr Scott I have surveyed the issue that contains the most of my favourites – Vol 11 No 1. Again, in order



'I don't know, Doris. Which one do you prefer ...?'

CARRIE



Carrie encounters an unexpected thrill in the hall of horrors





LETTERS

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of merit. First, is Anita Fredin; second, Pauline Travis; third, Milly Curnow; fourth, Barbara Lidford; fifth, Beth Blackshaw; and sixth, Anne Bruzac, making a total of six out of the seven.

I have no doubt that some people will disagree about my taste in girls.

M W, Totnes, Devon

While congratulating you on an excellent magazine, I must point out what must have been a brainstorm on the part of Roderic Quenby in his otherwise very enlightening article 'The Ubiquitous Smoothbore' in Vol 12 No 2.

Towards the end of the article, Mr Quenby wisely sets out one or two safety rules, one of which reads 'such as never unloading when climbing a fence or gate.' While any experienced shot will realise that the word never should never have been there, it could be misleading to anyone new to the sport.

Jeremy Sample, Yarm, Cleveland

Our error. The sub-editor concerned has got the bullet

What are you trying to do? I have just purchased Vol 12 No 4, and noticed on the cover Lesley Chisholm with a teaser saying that inside she'd be plastic-coated. When I opened the magazine at the appropriate place I nearly had a heart attack for there, surely, on that spread are the two best, most sexy poses ever to grace your pages. Truly, a work of art. And those delightful delicious pink tipped white orbs contrasting so delightfully with the cut-away black PVC. I must stop now before I get too carried away. How about another return appearance?

T T, Torquay

I recently left some records at my girlfriend's home and her mother who is very attractive and recently divorced informed me I could call round anytime to collect them. When I arrived at the appointed time she asked if I would like a drink and of course I accepted. Carol's mother is very pretty, around her late thirties, with a lovely figure and a bust that I could not believe.

We talked for a while and shortly it began to rain. She told me I couldn't go out in the rain and that I could stay if I wanted. I agreed, provided she had no objection and she pulled out the divan and said she wouldn't be long.

With my heart pounding, I stripped to my briefs and felt my penis stir.

When she came back she'd removed her cardigan to show off a blouse pushed out to an alarming degree and with the top two buttons undone.

With her back to me, she stepped out of her skirt, walked over and sat down on the bed. She removed her bra and when she turned to me I was stunned by the size of her breasts which must have been about forty-five inches.

She slipped her hand into my briefs and took out my penis which is nearly eight inches when erect, and was it erect. She began rubbing cream into it which made it swell even more. And with me still unable to take my eyes off her tits, she got over me and, taking hold of my penis and pulling back the foreskin, guided me just into her opening.

With my eyes still glued to

those massive breasts I clutched her waist and was able to lay slightly back and slowly pull the woman onto me and shortly after had a beautiful climax.

J C, Hants

I am a girl who left college seven years ago and have lived life to the full. I thought maybe I had experienced most forms of sexual behaviour, however my sex life has now reached heights I never imagined in my wildest dreams. I moved into a new flat and lo and behold, what should I find but two virile young students. The landlady is rather straight-laced but this merely adds the element of risk.

Most nights I creep into the boys' room, while the boys lay there waiting to satisfy me. The events that follow are the ultimate in sexual fulfilment. The intimacy of three people in a single bed has to be experienced to be believed, and I suppose that this represents the fulfilment of all my adolescent desires and fantasies to have two young lads getting stuck in.

I advise any young girl in my position who feels that she is

being deprived of the ultimate in sexual experience to experiment by using more than one partner at a time.

Miss L W, Rotherham

I thought your pictures of Marilyn in Vol 12 No 1 were the most exciting I have seen. I once knew a girl who shaved herself and the mere thought of it has turned me on ever since, but I never imagined that I would see one again. I can recommend the practice to other girls for it is great when indulging in oral sex not to get hairs in your mouth and to feel the slightly rasping five o'clock pubic shadow on one's nose and forehead is an added delight.

Richard Weatherill, Guildford

Here in Macau it is difficult to be a thorough masochist and meet with sadistic lady partners because the law is very strict and doesn't allow special advertisements as it does, I believe in Denmark, England and France.

Do you think it fair that just because you don't share the tastes of the majority, you can't enjoy satisfactory sex? Most of the women in my country are shocked if one tells them of the problem. Prostitutes are rarely true sadists and take a lot of money for deceiving performances.

What do other readers think?

E S Viegas, via Hong Kong

A friend tells me an amusing tale of when he went to his daughter's school for open day. Feeling very proud since her report said she was forward and doing extremely well, her parents went to the open day to speak to the teacher and see their daughter's work. You can imagine his surprise upon finding an account of the little girl's outing. It read: 'Daddy hired a bus and we all drove out to the woods and went for a wank.' The teacher had underlined it as a spelling mistake. 'My daughter knows how to spell,' said her chuckling father.

But he now wonders just what those subjects are that his six year old is forward in.

J B, Harrow

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ



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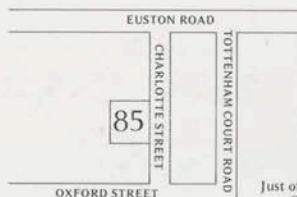
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